

THE
CAMBRO - BRITON.

JANUARY, 1822.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA
IGNOTA SUNT. *CICERO de Legibus.*

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN.

IT has often occurred to us, that a brief analytical digest of the historical events, recorded in the "Triads of the Isle of Britain," arranged, as far as might be, in the proper order of time, would be not only interesting but useful. Under this impression it is that we now submit a Chronological Epitome of such of these ancient records, as have already been translated in the CAMBRO-BRITON, and which comprise all known to be extant, with the exception merely of those that relate exclusively to Arthur and his Court. These latter may, with propriety, form a class by themselves, and will have a place hereafter in this work. In the mean time the following synopsis will serve to refresh the reader's memory with respect to the Triads already inserted,—such only, we mean, as have an obvious historical character. For, on this point, it may not be unnecessary to remark, that the "Triads of the Isle of Britain" are of a mixed complexion, having reference alike to history, mythology, and private biography. In many instances, indeed, we have found it a matter of considerable difficulty to separate the historical from the fabulous, so true is it, that the early dawn of history has, in all countries, been, more or less, obscured by the clouds of mythology. In the following digest, however, such memorials, as are obviously mythological, are omitted, together with a few others, that appear too ambiguous to be invested with the attributes of history. The same desire to secure this Epitome from the intrusion of any irrelevant matter has induced us to exclude also those Triads, that are confined merely to biographical notices, where such notices are not mixed up with the general history of the country. The Triads, thus omitted, however, whether fabulous or biographical, may

form the subject of a future analysis, although, as must be obvious, they are not generally susceptible of a chronological arrangement.

With respect to the chronology, observed in the following Epitome, it is, of necessity, in many instances, extremely doubtful, and in few, perhaps, true to the very year. In events, however, which belong, generally, to ages so remote, precision in this respect was not to be anticipated; and, accordingly, in some of the earliest memorials, which seem to ascend beyond what are usually called the historical periods, no attempt has been made to assign any dates to them. In others, not quite so remote, we have, with whatever success, endeavoured to ascertain the time, to which they relate; and, in a few of these instances, the result has been sanctioned by the historical authorities of antiquity. For the rest, we have only generally to premise, that, in proportion as we approach our own times, the dates, we think, will, as is natural, be found less liable to suspicion; yet here it may be proper to intimate, that the latest event, recorded in the Triads, is at a distance of six centuries and a half.

Ere these prefatory remarks are brought to a close, it may be proper to observe, that the more ancient of the following records appear to have relation to the CYMRY in their migratory, or nomadic, state, before their settlement in this island. Such, for example, are some of the acts ascribed to *Hu Gadarn*, who may be presumed to have been distinguished as a prince or lawgiver among the Cimbric tribes, that first colonized Europe. The earliest, therefore, of these memorials, although comprehended within the general designation of "Triads of the Isle of Britain," relate more properly, to use the language of the Triads themselves, to the "events which have befallen the race of the Cymry from the age of ages*." From these introductory remarks we now turn to the accomplishment of our task, merely premising, in addition to what we have already explained, that we shall subjoin to each memorial a reference to the page of the CAMBRO-BRITON, wherein the Triad, comprising it, has been translated; and in many instances it will be observed, that the same event is recorded in several Triads, though under a different designation, and, occasionally, with some variety in the circumstances.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 57.

CHRONOLOGICAL EPITOME OF THE HISTORICAL TRIADS,

EVENTS,

Probable
Date.

THE nation of the Cymry first instructed in the arts of agriculture, while in Asia, and before their settlement in Britain, by Hu Gadarn.—vol. ii. p. 98

First formed by him into social tribes and communities.—Id. p. 145

The adaptation of song to the preservation of historical memorials introduced by Hu Gadarn.—Id. p. 390.

The Isle of Britain, before it was inhabited, denominated *Clas Merddin*, (the Sea-defended Green Spot). vol. i. p. 8

The nation of the Cymry brought by Hu Gadarn from Asia into the Isle of Britain.—Id. pp. 45—7.—ii. p. 97.

The Isle of Britain, after it was inhabited, denominated *Vel Ynys*, (the Honey Island).—vol. i. p. 8

A federal monarchy established in Britain by Prydain, the son of Aedd Mawr, who was the first ruler under this system.—Id. pp. 45, 281, 284.—ii. pp. 145—6.

The Isle of Britain, after it had been formed into a commonwealth by Prydain, denominated *Ynys Prydain*, (the Isle of Prydain).—vol. i. p. 8.

Poetry reduced to a system among the Cymry by Tydain, thence denominated Tydain Tad Awen, or Tydain the Father of the Muse.—vol. ii. pp. 145, 390 ..

The laws, customs, and privileges of Britain first consolidated and arranged by Dyvnwal Moelmud. vol. i, pp. 45, 284—ii. pp. 145, 146. B. C. 400

The jury of a country, the regal power, and the office of a judge acknowledged as the pillars of the commonwealth of the Isle of Britain.—vol. i. p. 123

The Isle of Britain colonized at an early period, after the settlement of the Cymry, by the Loegrians and Brython.—Id. p. 47.

The expedition of Urb Llyuddawg, of Scandinavia, who came to Britain and levied a considerable force, with which he sailed for Greece, where he and his followers are supposed to have settled.—Id. p. 86.

Britain invaded by the Coraniaid, or Coritani, and also by the Men of Lychlyn, or People of the North. Id, pp. 49, 50

The art of ship-building amongst the Cymry invent-

EVENTS.	Probable Date.
ed by Corvinwr, the Bard of Ceri.—vol. ii. p. 389	B. C. 100.
Wheat and barley introduced into Britain by Coll. Id. p. 98.	_____
Building with stone introduced by Morddal. Id. p. 389	_____
A great famine in Essyllwg (Siluria) in the time of Ceraint—vol. i. p. 361.	56.
The pestilence of Manuba, which infected Gwynedd from the carcases of the Irish, who invaded it under Ganvel Gwyddel, after their defeat by Caswallawn ab Beli.—Id. pp. 50, 125.	_____
The expedition of Caswallawn (Cassivellaunus) to Armorica, where he went to assist the natives of that country against the Romans under Cæsar.—Id. p. 87. or, according to another Triad, to obtain Flur, daughter of Mygnach the Dwarf.—vol. ii. p. 435.	55.
Britain invaded by the Romans under Cæsar in consequence of Caswallawn's expedition.—vol. i. p. 50.—ii. pp. 435, 437.	Id.
Caswallawn elected by public suffrage Sovereign of the Isle of Britain, in order to oppose the Romans. vol. i. p. 168.	Id.
The treachery of Avarwy (Mandubratius) in the assistance he afforded to Cæsar, upon his invasion of Britain.—Id. pp. 171. 201.—ii. pp. 49. 434.	54.
Settlement in Britain, at various periods, of the People of Celyddon, or Caledonia, of the Gwyddelians or first Irish Colonists who came to Alban, and of the Men of Galedin (probably Holland), who established themselves in the Isle of Wight.—vol. i. pp. 48, 50.	_____
Caradawg ab Bran (Caractacus) elected by public suffrage Sovereign of the Isle of Britain, in order to oppose the Romans.—vol. i. pp. 168. 281.	A.D. 43.
Belyn, son of Cynvelyn, and his followers distinguished for their courage during the wars of Caradawg.—vol. ii. p. 337.	_____
Caradawg betrayed to the Romans by Aregwedd Voeddawg (Cartismandua) daughter of Avarwy.—vol. i. p. 203.	52.
Bran, father of Caradawg, and his whole family sent as hostages for Caradawg to Rome, where they remained in captivity seven years.—Id. pp. 169. 282. ii. p. 193.	Id.
The Christian Faith first introduced into Britain by Bran, therefore called Bran the Blessed, upon his return from Rome.—vol. i. pp. 169. 282.	59.

EVENTS.

*Probable
Date.*

Royal power established in Britain by Bran.—vol. i. p. 284.....	A. D. 59.
The art of making mill-wheels introduced by Coel ab Cyllin, grandson of Caradawg.—vol. ii. p. 319.....	100.
The See of Llandav, the first in Britain, founded by Lleurwg, the son of Coel.—vol. i. p. 282.—ii. p. 194...	167.
That of York founded by the Emperor Constantine. vol. ii. p. 194.	330.
That of London by Maxen Wledig, (the Emperor Maximus)—Id. ib.	380.
The expedition of Cynan Meiriadog and his sister Elen to Armorica, where territory was assigned them in reward of their assistance of the Emperor Maximus. vol. i. p. 87.	390.
Owain ab Maxen Wledig, son of the Emperor Maximus, elected by public suffrage Sovereign of the Isle of Britain.—Id. pp. 168. 281.	400.
The tribute, that had been paid to the Romans since the time of Cæsar, abolished during the reign of Owain. Id. p. 201.	Id.
Alban, or the Highlands of Scotland, invaded by the Red Gwyddelians, or Irishmen, who finally settled there.—Id. p. 50.....	—————
Privileges first granted to the church by the family of Cunedda Wledig, a Cumbrian Prince.—Id. p. 169..	—————
Improved mode of ploughing introduced by Illtyd Varchog (St. Illtutus); the land, before his time, having been tilled only with a mattock and over-tread plough. vol. ii. p. 98.	429.
The Christian Faith propagated amongst the Cymry by Brychan Brycheiniog, son of Aulach, king of Ireland, and who settled in Brecknockshire.—vol. i. p. 169.	—————
Britain invaded by the Saxons.—Id. pp. 49, 50. ...	447.
The treachery of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau (Vortigern) in the aid he afforded the Saxons on their invasion of this island.—Id. pp. 201. 361.—ii. p. 434.	Id.
The Plot of the Long Knives on the mountain of Caer Caradawg, (Salisbury-plain), at a meeting between the Britons and Saxons, at which all the British nobility were slain. This plot was occasioned by the treachery of Gwrtheyrn Gwrthenau.—vol. i. p. 171.—ii. p. 147 ..	472.
The inundation of Cantrev y Gwaelod, in Caredigion, the dominion of Gwyddno Garanhir, in the reign of Emrys Wledig, (Ambrosius).—vol. i. p. 361.	490.

EVENTS.

*Probable
Date.*

- The voyage of Gavran and his companions in search of the Gwerddonau Llion (Green Islands of the Ocean); and their disappearance from the Isle of Britain.—vol. i. p. 124.—ii. p. 338. A. D. 490.
- Goronwy Bevyr deserted by his followers in a battle fought at Blaen Cynval in Ardudwy.—vol. ii. p. 338.
- The Cymry, who had taken refuge in Wales after the arrival of the Saxons, divided into three tribes:—the Gwentians, or inhabitants of Essylwg; the Gwyndydians, or inhabitants of Gwynedd and Powys; and the tribe of Pendaran Dyved, comprising the people of Dyved, Gwyr, and Caredigion.—vol. i. p. 168.
- The harbouring of foreigners, the liberation of prisoners, and the present of the bald man (probably St. Augustin) declared to be the causes why England was wrested from the Cymry.—vol. ii. p. 386.
- The Gospel preached in Wales by Dewi (St. David), Padarn, and Teilaw.—vol. i. p. 170.
- Mynyddawg Eiddin and his followers distinguished for their bravery in the battle of Cattraeth.—vol. ii. p. 337. 540.
- The Yellow Plague of Rhos, arising from the slaughter of a field of battle, which happened during the reign of Maelgwn Gwynedd.—vol. i. p. 126.
- Gwrgi and Peredur slain in the battle of Caer Grau, fought with Ida, king of Northumberland, in consequence of the desertion of their followers—vol. ii. p. 338. 584.
- The treachery of Aeddan and his followers against Rhydderch the Generous, which assisted the Saxons in their conquest of the Cymry—vol. i. p. 441.—ii. p. 50. 590.
- Drywen, the son of Nudd, and his followers signalized by their gallantry in the battle of Arderydd. vol. ii. p. 337. 593.
- Gwenddolau ab Ceidio slain in the battle of Arderydd, when his followers avenge his death by maintaining the war for six weeks afterwards.—Id. p. 338. Id.
- Flight of Cadwallon eil Cadvan and his tribe to Ireland, where they remained seven years.—Id. ib. 620
- The Principality of Wales divided by Rodri Mawr into three royal domains, viz. Dinevwr, Aberfraw, and Mathraval.—Id. p. 438. 843.
- The Laws of the Isle of the Britain, as anciently observed by the Cymry, collected, revised, and arranged by Hywel Dda, grandson of Rodri Mawr, and King of all Wales.—Id. p. 146. 940.

Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, prince of Gwynedd, betrayed by Madawg Min, bishop of Bangor.—vol. i. p. 203. . . A.D. 1061.

The expedition of Madawg ab Owain Gwynedd, who went to sea with 300 companions, and never returned to the Isle of Britain.—Id. p. 124. 1172.

GENEALOGY OF THE SAINTS*.

[Continued from p. 87.]

D.

DEINIOEL, the son of Dunod ab Pabo Post Prydain ab Arthwys ab Arar ab Coel. His mother was Dwywe, the daughter of Gwallog ab Lleenog, or of Banallig, in some copies. He was the founder of the bishopric of Bangor, in Arvon, of which he is the patron saint. He gave name to Llanddeinioel in Ceredigion.

DEINIOEL VAB, so called to distinguish him from the other Deinioel, who was his father; he is also named Deiniolen. Llanddeinioel Vab, or Llanddeiniolen, is dedicated to him.

DERVEL, the son of Hywel ab Emyr Llydaw. He generally bore the appellation of Dervel Gadarn, or Dervel the Mighty. He had a brother named Dwywau. Dervel is the patron saint of Llanddervel in Edeyrnion, in Meirion.

DEWI, the son of Sant, or Xanthus, ab Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig ab Edeyrn ab Padarn Beisrudd; and his mother was Non, the daughter of Cynyr, of Caer Gawch, in Mynyw, whose mother was Anna, the daughter of Uthur Bendragon. The English name of Dewi is St. David: and he was anciently stiled Dewi Brevi, or Dewi of the Lowing, and Dewi Ddyvrwr, or Dewi the Waterman. For the preservation of certain privileges, stated in the Law Triads, these invocations are made—" *Dewi Brevi yn gannorthwy!*" May Dewi Brevi be a support! and—" *Gwènog, helpa!*" Gwènog, help †! Dewi was the founder of the bishopric of St. David; a place so highly venerated, that two pilgrimages to it were held as

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 37—40.

† Id. vol. iii. p. 332. From this ancient authority for the use of the verb *helpu* we may fairly conclude that the English word is of Welsh origin.

efficacious as one to Rome: and D. ab Gwilym has left a poem, beautifully describing his journey there, about the year 1330. There is a legendary life of St. David in the British Museum. The following churches are dedicated to Dewi: Llanddewi Aber Arth, and Llanddewi Brevi, in Cardiganshire; Llanddewi Aber Gwesin, and Llanddewi Brwynllys, in Brecknockshire; Llanddewi Ysgyryd, and Llandewi Rhydderch, in Monmouthshire. There is also a Llanddewi in Radnorshire, one in Caermarthenshire, and one in Tir Gŵyr, Glamorganshire*. Dewi was one of "seven holy cousins" commemorated in these Englynion—

DEWI a CHYBI achubant beunydd,
Dwyn BEUNO yn warant;
DINGAD, CYNVARCH, á barchant,
A DEINIOEL, a SEIRIOEL sant.

Dyna saith eurvaith arver, gán veudwy
Gwynvydu bob amser,
A vu'n y Maen, graen grynder—
Y saith á rivynt y ser.

TRANSLATION.

DEWI and CYBI are daily saving,
BEUNO is brought as a protection;
DINGAD and CYNVARCH, who respect us,
And DEINIOEL and holy SEIRIOEL.

These are the seven of usual great value
with the hermit,
As, hour by hour, he grows enthusiastic,
That were in the Stone of terrible roundness,
The seven, that numbered as the stars.

DIER, the daughter of Arwystl Glof, or Hawystl Glof, and the sister of Diheuvyr, Marchell, Tudyr, Tyvrydog, and Tyrnog. She was buried at Bod Fari, in Tegeingl.

DIGAIN, the son of Cystennin Gorneu. He lies buried at Llangernyw, in Rhyvoniog. Denbighshire.

DIHEUVYR, the son of Hawystl Glof, by Divanwledd, the daughter of Amlawdd Wledig. See Tyvrydog.

* For other particulars, relating to Dewi or St. David, see the first volume of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 170.

DINGAD, the son of Brychan, a saint who lies buried in Gwent-is-coed, Monmouthshire.

DINGAD, the son of Nudd Hael, and the father of Lleuddad.

DOCHTWY, a saint who, with Mael and Sulien, accompanied Cadvan from Llydaw into this island.

DOGED, the son of Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda Wledig, to whom is dedicated Llanddoged, in Arvon. He is sometimes styled Doged Vrenin, or Doged the King.

DOGVAEL, the son of Ithael Hael ab Cedig ab Ceredig ab Cunedda, and the cousin of Dewi. Llanddogvael, or St. Dogmael, formerly a monastery, near the Teivi, in Pembrokeshire, was founded by him; and he is also the patron saint of Llanddogvael of Talebolion, in Mon.

DOGVAN, the son of Brychan. It is not known where he and his brothers Rhawin and Rhun were buried.

DOLGAR, the daughter of Gildas ab Caw, lord of Cwm Cawlwyd. She had brothers called Gwynog and Noethan.

DOLOR, the son of Deini o Ddeivr a Brynaich, or Deini of Deira and Bernicia, in the North.

DONA, the son of Selyv ab Cynan Garwyn ab Brochwel Ysgythrog. Llanddona, at Cravgoed, in Mon, is named after him.

DWYVAEL, the son of Pryderi ab Dolor Deivr of Deivr and Brynaich, in the North. He lies buried at Llanvair, in Lleyen.

DWYVAN. He and Fagan, Ilid and Mawen, were teachers, who accompanied Bran from Rome to this island, when he was released from being hostage for his son Caradog.

DWYNWEN, the daughter of Brychan. She and her sister Ceinwen are saints at Llanddwyn, in Mon. From a poem addressed to her by D. ab Gwilym, about the year 1330, she seems to have had attributes similar to those of Venus, among the Romans.

DWYWE, the daughter of Gwallog ab Lleenog, and the mother of Deiniol. To her is dedicated Llanddwywe of Ardudwy, in Meirion. "On the first Sunday after the feast-day of Dwywe they keep the wakes of Dinmeirchion." E. Lhwyd.

DYVNAN, the son of Brychan. Llanddyvnan, in Mon, is dedicated to him; and he lies buried there.

DYVNOG SANT, the son of Medrod ab Cawrdav ab Caradog Vreichvras.

DYVRIG, the son of Brychan. He is a saint in Ceredigion. Under the Latinized name of Dubricius, he is said to have been archbishop of Llandav, in the Liber Landavensis.

[To be continued.]

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

THE SAYINGS OF THE CROW *.

A CROW sang her sayings in a valley,
While seeking for her grain :
Learning is no learning unless it be followed.

A crow sang her saying on the height
Of an oak, over the two streams of a conflux :
Wit is mightier than strength.

A crow sang her saying in the cliffs,
Where she might have a quiet hour :
God provides good for the fortunate.

A crow sang her saying from the top of an oak,
Where she was heard by all the birds :
A bell will not be rung to the deaf.

A crow sang her saying with the dawn
To such as questioned her in her retreat :
The wise will not meddle with what concerns him not.

A crow sang her saying on the point of the sea-coast
To such as could not exert themselves :
There is no possession except knowledge.

A crow sang her saying in solitude,
And from afar was heard her sound :
The brave will overcome every chance.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 98. For a short notice of Catwg and his writings, see vol. i. of this work, pp. 11 and 52.—Ed.

A crow sang in the groves,
Where the proud were in disputation :
Of one condition is every body in death.

A crow sang from the top of the wood,
In the hearing of all the birds of the groves :
The wise will devote himself to God.

A crow sang her saying in a corner
To such as were found in computation :
No danger is equal to that of bad company.

A crow sang her saying from the top of the ash
To birds that were misers :
Poor is every body that sees not when he has enough.

A crow sang her saying in the desert
To such as was her companion :
Happiness is inclination without hope.

A crow sang her saying discreetly
To such as went not according to their understanding :
A feast is no feast at the cost of another.

A crow sang her saying to her chick,
Of those who went to live together :
Every thing loves its kind.

A crow sang her saying with prudence
To such as she found irrational :
To the blind it is useless to hold a candle.

So sang Catwg the Wise.

GWILYMIANA.—No. I.

THROUGH the kindness of a correspondent we are enabled to promise our readers, under the title prefixed to this article, occasional translations of the poems of Davydd ab Gwilym, on whom the appellations of the Ovid and the Petrarch of Wales, but the latter, we think, with the greater propriety,

have been indiscriminately bestowed. With the exception of a few specimens of his effusions in the last volume of the Cambrian Register, we are not aware, that the works of this bard have ever appeared in an English dress. The writer of the following version, therefore, has no small claim on the thanks of our readers for his attempt to extend an acquaintance with one of the most favoured votaries of the *Awen*; and it is almost superfluous to add, that his first specimen affords a happy proof of the success, with which he has caught the playful humour of the original.

As no opportunity has hitherto occurred for saying much in the CAMBRO-BRITON respecting Davydd ab Gwilym, a cursory view of his life may form an appropriate, and not unacceptable, introduction to the GWILYMIANA. We can promise, however, little, if any thing, more than an abridgement of what has been already so very ably written on this subject*.

MEMOIR OF DAVYDD AB GWILYM.

CARDIGANSHIRE has the honour of being the place of our poet's nativity; for it appears, that he was born, about the year 1340, at Llanbadarn Vawr in that county. By the paternal line, however, he belongs to the other division of the Principality, as his father, Gwilym Gam, claimed to be a descendant of Llywarch ab Bran, head of one of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales, and brother-in-law of the celebrated Owain Gwynedd. The poet's mother was Arduvul, sister of Llywelyn ab Gwilym Vychan, a person of distinguished note in the county of Cardigan.

Whatever may have been Davydd ab Gwilym's pretensions to an illustrious descent, there is reason to believe, that his birth was illegitimate, or, at least, that the union of his parents, if it had been previously sanctioned by law, had not received the countenance of their friends. At no distant period, however, a reconciliation must have been effected, as the embryo bard was taken, in his infancy, under the protection of his uncle Llywelyn ab Gwilym, who became his tutor, and seems to have discovered in him the early indi-

* We allude to the very interesting Memoir of Davydd ab Gwilym, prefixed to the Edition of his works, published in 1789, from the pen of Mr. Owen Pughe, and to which the present humble attempt is almost wholly indebted for any little merit it may possess.

cations of that particular talent, for which he was subsequently so conspicuous, and in the cultivation of which he afforded his young *élève* every encouragement. About the age of 15 Davydd ab Gwilym returned to his parents, with whom, however, he appears to have resided but a short time, owing, as it would seem, to the continual bickerings that took place between them, the consequence, in all probability, of the young bard's satirical propensities. But, be this as it may, we find him at an early age again separated from his natural guardians, and enjoying, at Maesaleg in Monmouthshire, the patronage and friendship of Ivor Hael, a relative of his father, and an ancestor of the present house of Tredegar.

Ivor, deservedly styled *Hael*, or *The Generous*, treated his young kinsman with an affectionate kindness, which he even carried so far as to appoint him his steward and the instructor of his only daughter, although his qualifications for these duties were not, it is most probable, of the most obvious description. At least, the inconvenient consequences of one of these appointments were too soon apparent in the mutual attachment, that grew up between the poet and his fair charge. What the conduct of Ivor towards the former was on the discovery of this circumstance is not now known; but he is reported to have lost no time in immuring his daughter within a convent in the island of Anglesey. Thither she was followed by her devoted swain, who, in the capacity of a servant at a neighbouring monastery, consoled himself for some time by offering to his mistress the willing tributes of his love-sick muse. At length, however, weary alike of this barren enjoyment and of his fruitless fidelity, he returned to the hospitable mansion of his patron; and the welcome reception, he appears to have experienced there, does not allow us to suppose, that his affection for the daughter had produced any serious displeasure on the part of the father, however, from motives of prudence, the latter might have thought proper to discountenance the attachment.

During this, his second, residence with Ivor, our poet must, in all likelihood, have bestowed much attention on the cultivation of his favourite pursuit, since we find him, about this time, elected to fill the post of Chief Bard of Glamorgan, which had then something more than a mere nominal import-

ance. His poetical reputation made him also a welcome, and, in some respects, a necessary, guest at the festivals, which, in those long-vanished days of social cheer and princely hospitality, were common in the houses of the first orders in Wales. The mansions of Ivor Hael and Llywelyn ab Gwilym were the frequent scenes of these festive assemblies, at which particular respect was shewn to the sons of the *Awen*, and where Davydd ab Gwilym seems to have had the first opportunities of signalizing himself amongst his bardic compeers. It was at Emlyn, the seat of his uncle Llywelyn, that the enmity, which existed between him and Rhys Meigan, a brother bard, had its origin, and which was the cause, in some poetical contests, that afterwards took place between them, of mutual attacks of the most virulent character. The laurel, however, in this war of personalities, was finally awarded to Davydd ab Gwilym, whose antagonist is even reported to have fallen dead on the spot, a victim to the unendurable poignancy of our poet's satire. Strange and incredible as this incident may appear, it is, in a great measure, confirmed by our poet himself in one of his productions, wherein he alludes with some minuteness to the extraordinary occurrence*.

The other particulars of our poet's life, that are traditionally known or that may be collected from his writings, relate chiefly to his general attachment to the fair sex, amongst whom, whether on account of his personal attractions, which are represented as having been of a superior nature, or of the charms of his muse, he appears to have had many admirers. Under such circumstances it is not surprising, that a person of his disposition should have been involved in several adventures of gallantry. Tradition has preserved the memory of one in particular, too long to be here recorded, the extravagance of which, if authentic, proves at once the extent of his amours and the occasional levity of his conduct in this respect.

In two instances, however, he seems to have entertained a sincere and, perhaps, an honourable, passion, the objects of which, under the apparently fictitious names of Dyddgu and Morvudd, he has celebrated in some of his most fascinating effusions. But in both cases the result was, unluckily, unpropitious to his

* See "Davydd ab Gwilym's Poems," No. 125, and also the poem, preceding it, by Gruffydd Grug, No. 124.

hopes. The former lady, who is represented to have been endowed with the fairest graces both of person and mind, seems to have proved inaccessible to all the overtures of his heart, enforced, as they were, by all the fascinations of his muse. Morvudd, the other favourite, was the daughter of Madog Llawgam, of Anglesey, and has been justly denominated the Laura of our Cambrian Petrarch. To her he was united by a marriage, somewhat irregularly solemnized, indeed, even for the laxity of that age, and continued to live with her until she was, at length, snatched from him by her parents, who gave her hand, in a more formal and binding manner, to one Cynvrig Cynin, an old dotard, whose wealth was his sole recommendation. The bard's mortification at this event, and his inextinguishable passion for Morvudd, appear from several of the poems, which he has dedicated to her, and which contain also many strokes of caustic ridicule against her decrepid spouse, upon whom he invariably bestows the name of *Bwa Bach*, or the Little Hunchback. But Davydd ab Gwilym does not appear to have been satisfied with such revenge only as his muse could supply; for he employed every expedient to procure an interview with his mistress, and at length succeeded in bearing her away from her husband. The lovers, however, were soon overtaken; and a heavy penalty was the reward of our bard's dexterity, his inability to pay which occasioned him to be consigned to a prison, where he might have ended his days but for the generosity of some of his countrymen in Glamorgan, who, by discharging the fine, gave a convincing proof of the general esteem, in which he was held. Nor did the poet himself ever forget the debt of gratitude he owed, on this account, to his liberal benefactors*.

Among the poetical cotemporaries of our bard, with whom he had formed a particular intimacy, was Gruffydd Grug, a native of Anglesey, eminently distinguished as a favourite of the *Awen*. A sort of amicable rivalry took place between them, which gave birth to many spirited productions on both sides, some of which have survived to the present day†. At

* The bard often takes occasion, in his poems, to advert to this benevolent deed of the inhabitants of Glamorgan; and two of his effusions (No.93, and No.11, of the Appendix) are written expressly on the occasion.

† These are 29 in number, and are preserved among the Poems of Davydd ab Gwilym.

length, however, the contest assumed a more hostile character, and might have terminated in the total extinction of their friendship, had not such an event been averted by the ingenious stratagem of one Bola Bauol, who contrived to convey to each of the rival bards a report of his opponent's death, which had the anticipated effect of producing from both a reciprocal expression of regret, as well as an interchange of elegiac effusions, adapted to the supposed mournful occasion in all the fulness of genuine sorrow. The discovery of this venial fraud, and of the mutual sentiments it had called forth, was the cause of a reconciliation between the contending poets, and of a renewal of their original friendship with a sincerity, that secured its continuance during the rest of their lives.

Of the latter years of our bard's existence we have only a general account, which states, that they were consumed in his native parish of Llanbadarn, and where also had been his paternal home. His parents, however, were now no more; and he had also experienced the misery of surviving all the rest of his nearest friends, amongst whom were to be numbered his two generous patrons and the fair Morvudd. His maternal uncle, Llywelyn, he lost, while yet young, by the act of an assassin, and his muse was taught to bewail him with an affectionate sorrow. One of his poems on this occasion (for it may reasonably be presumed, from the prolific character of his muse, that he wrote more than one) is still extant, and bears ample testimony to the grateful tenderness of his feelings. Ivor Hael and his family, to whom, while living, his poetical talent had ever been devoted, were also remembered, in their death, in some of his most plaintive strains, which, with respect to Ivor himself in particular, expressed with fidelity the language of the heart. But it was Morvudd, the ill-fated, the never-forgotten, Morvudd, at whose shrine the adorations of his muse were made with the greatest frequency, and with the most fervent devotion. One hundred and nine of his poems, and those generally of greater length than what Petrarch dedicated to his Laura, are still preserved; and we know from his own authority, that he wrote at least thirty-eight more on this favourite and inexhaustible theme*. None of his effu-

* It is generally considered, because the poet himself calls one of his poems the 147th, that he wrote no more; but this is by no means a necessary conclusion. The poem, indeed, which immediately follows, in

sions, however, on her death are now extant, though it is probable, that, in the pensive tranquillity of his declining age, he must have devoted some strains to this mournful subject. For, we find, from his own testimony, that the Muse did not desert him even in his last moments: on the awful bed of death he sought in the consolations of her voice the sweet music of that Hope, whose home is in heaven. One of his effusions on this impressive occasion remains, and is entitled “The Death-bed Song of the Bard*.”

We have now arrived at the close of our poet's earthly career, and we may say of him, as of the swan, that he closed his life with a song. But, unlike the swan, his tuneful talent was not confined to the hour of dissolution: on the contrary,

————— *Servatur ad inum*

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat.

His death is reported to have taken place, about the year 1400, in Anglesey, according to some accounts, but, according to others of a more probable nature, at his home in Llanbadarn. His ashes repose at Ystrad Flur in the county of Cardigan; and his tomb has not wanted the tributary gift of the *Awen*. Some kindred spirit has recorded on it his friendship for the bard and his sorrow for his death in an epitaph, of which the following version affords but an imperfect idea:—

Gwilym, bless'd by all the Nine,
Sleep'st thou, then, beneath this trec;
'Neath this yew, whose foliage fine
Shades alike thy song and thee?

Mantling yew-tree! he lies near,—
Gwilym, Tivy's Nightingale †;
And his song too moulders here,
Ever tuneless through the vale.

Of the character and poems of Davydd ab Gwilym we have

his works, the one called the 147th, is entitled “The last Poem to Morvudd,” and may therefore be presumed to have been written subsequently. It is probable, then, that the whole number, written on this subject, considerably exceeded even 147.

* See his “Poems,” p. 495, No. 246.

† In the original *Eos Teivi: Eos Dyved*, however, or the Dimetian Nightingale, was the appellation, by which our bard was frequently known.

not space to say much. The former has been variously represented: tradition ascribing to him a purity of manners and a correctness of conduct, which, to judge from his writings, he did not always evince. It may not, however, be fair, in all cases, to condemn the man on account of the failings of the poet; and Davydd ab Gwilym's life may possibly have illustrated the injustice of such an act. What he wrote in the warmth or in the thoughtlessness of his poetical inspirations may have been discountenanced by the gravity of his cooler reflections. Yet it must at last be admitted, that this is but an hypothesis, which it is now too late to establish or to refute. One thing we may with certainty affirm, that, whatever may be the complexion of the greatest part of his surviving effusions, there are not wanting in others the most satisfactory evidence of a sound moral and religious feeling, highly creditable to the memory of the bard.

Of the merit of his poems it is scarcely necessary to speak: the meed of praise, awarded by the poet's cotemporaries, has received the sanction of four centuries. One peculiarity, however, it may be proper to notice, and more especially as it belongs, in an essential manner, to the character of the Welsh tongue. This is the remarkable nicety, with which he almost always adapts the diction to his particular theme. Pre-eminent as the advantages are, which his language afforded in this respect, he has availed himself of them with an effect, which is hardly conceivable. Thus, nothing can exceed, in harmonious sweetness, some of his love-poems; while, on the other hand, as, for instance, in his description of a thunder storm, the sound is accommodated to the sense with the most appalling precision. The bard is also regarded, though with what justice we pretend not to decide, as the inventor of the *Cywydd*, which has, since his time, become a favourite form of composition. To this we may add, that, besides the singular merit of his versification, his poems are often pregnant with deep thought, bold figurative inventions, and with those delicate touches of fancy, that peculiarly mark the gifted mind, and can only be properly appreciated where they are thoroughly felt.

In bringing to a close this cursory Memoir of Davydd ab Gwilym, we wish briefly to notice his general accomplishments. In this point of view his poems supply many proofs

of his learning, at least of such learning, as that age was qualified to afford. Allusions to the works of Greece, Rome, and modern Italy occur not infrequently in his writings, and, in some cases, where his knowledge could not have been derived through the medium of a translation. With the poetry of Petrarch he appears, in particular, to have been well acquainted; and the congeniality of disposition, discoverable in the two poets, as well as the painful resemblance of their fates, may naturally account for such a partiality. On one occasion, it deserves also to be noticed, he appears to have given a paraphrastic version of one of the Odes of Horace*; and passages of the Iliad are often the objects of his allusion. With these his classical attainments (as we may not improperly call them) he united the national accomplishment of playing upon the harp, which he seems to have first learnt, at an early age, under the tuition of his kinsman, Llywelyn ab Gwilym; and it appears, from one of his poems, that he was fond of administering, in this manner, to the gratification of his female acquaintance. Of the person of our bard we have already incidentally spoken: it is described as remarkable for its elegance and symmetrical beauty; and he is thought to have been not insensible to the means of displaying it to the best advantage. In a word, shortly to sum up our imperfect narrative, Davydd ab Gwilym appears to have possessed, in a favoured degree, the graces both of person and mind, which, allied, as they were, to a pre-eminent poetical genius, contributed to render him one of the most remarkable characters of the age, in which he lived, and which he may, without exaggeration, be said to have adorned.

GWILYMIANA.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BARD AND A MAID†.

B. GOOD day to you, my lovely Maid!

M. Welcome the cuckoo's rhyming blade!

* Compare the 226th Poem in the Edition of his works with the 10th Ode of the 4th Book of Horace.

† See the "Poems" No. 180, p. 359. We regret that we cannot gratify our correspondent's wish by allowing the original to accompany his version. The space, it would occupy, would itself be a sufficient objection, even, if it were not, at all times, our anxious desire to consult, as much as possible, the convenience of our English readers.—Ed.

- B.* And how d'ye do, my lovely dear?
M. Oh! well and hearty, full of cheer.
B. Why, true, my love you seem quite gay.
M. Ah! so you flirting beaux will say.
B. How fair your face of roseate hue!
M. If fair it be, no thanks to you.
B. Oh! what a beauteous form you have!
M. 'Tis at my own expence, you knave.
B. Your eye-brows are so round and fine!
M. Well, what of that? they still are mine.
B. How jetty black your eyes so tender!
M. And what is that to you, I wonder?
B. By Jove, your answers are quite pert!
M. And so they should, 'tis your desert.
B. Do answer me, my love, an' please ye!
M. To answer you is not so easy.
B. Now tell me, maid, do'nt be so dumb.
M. What will you have me tell you?—come!
B. Is there of loving you no gain?
M. I tell you nay, you love in vain.
B. And will you farther grace deny?
M. I will; for more in vain you'll cry.
B. Tell me at once (nor be so hot!)
 Shall I possess my love or not?
M. By holy Mary's name I swear,
 You sha'nt! and press me, if you dare.
B. Shall we to Hymen's altar jog?
M. Seek not to prove me, hateful dog!
B. Then I will seize my Olwen * maid.
M. And I will shriek for Mary's aid.
B. Come, let us to the Parson hie.
M. In vain to coax me, rogue, you try.
B. What then can I hope for? say!
M. A sign on a long summer's day.
B. Ah! placid nymph, I want a wife.
M. And I a husband, by my life.

RHYDYCHENWR.

* The original words are "nith Olwen," which are, perhaps, not very exactly rendered by "Olwen maid." Olwen is a mythological character, and occurs in the *Mabinigion*, as the object of the passion of *Culhwch*. She may be regarded as the *Venus* of the Welsh bards. The name implies a fair track or course.—ED.

WELSH PROVERBS.

Plant gwirionedd yw hen Diarebion.—DIAREB.

THE first volume of this work * contained a brief account of the Proverbs of the Cymry, as preserved in the Archæology of Wales, together with some specimens of this species of aphoristic lore †. We now select a few more, not so much for any pre-eminent merit they possess, as because they all appear to have some reference to matters of history; and, as, in many instances, the true meaning of the allusion is now entirely lost, and, as, in others, where known, it has obvious reference to very remote periods, the proverbs themselves may reasonably be regarded as being generally of high antiquity as well as being purely national. For this reason, we are disposed to believe, that their insertion here will not be uninteresting, even although one or two have appeared on former occasions.

HISTORICAL PROVERBS.

What is gotten on the horse of Malen will go under his belly †.

Like the coat of Caradawg §.

Gwenhwyvar, the daughter of Ogyrwan Gawr, bad when little, worse when big ||.

To be as repentant as the man, that had killed his greyhound.

To devote a slave to the destroying power **.

Though he may be good, yet is he not Mordav ††.

* Page 130.

† Pages 207, 295, 365.

‡ See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 125, Triad xvi. and p. 208 in the notes.

§ Id. pp. 169, 203, 204.

|| She was daughter of Gwryd Gwent and one of the wives of Arthur.

** It is stated by Mr. Lewis Morris, in one of his papers, that, in the memory of old people, a custom of throwing one of a herd of cattle down a rock, in order to free the rest from any distemper, was common in Brecknockshire, and perhaps in the neighbourhood of Bualt, which (one would almost think) must have derived its name from such a practice, as its component syllables, BU and ALLT, may be translated OX-CLIFF. Somewhat similar to this was the ancient custom prevalent in the Isle of Cyprus, where shipwrecked strangers, who laid their hands on the altar of Apollo, were cast down the precipice whereon it stood.

†† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 249.

As bad as the Mad Velen*.
 Long the sleep of Maelgwn in the church of Rhos†.
 Malaen deserves his journey‡.
 Like the work of Emrys§.
 Like the load of the stone of Ceti||.
 Like the flour compared with Indeg**.
 Arthur was but while he was.
 Two Welshmen will not continue in concord.
 Arthur did not violate the protection of a woman.
 A Welshman will not keep until he loses.
 It was not at once that Herbin was obtained††.
 Old Cyrys only asked for the fractions between the changes‡‡.
 The word of a foreigner is not imperative on a Cymro.
 No one is like Nest§§.
 The gift of the men of Erging|||.
 As generous as Nudd***.
 Daily often comes like the idiots of Cyveiliog†††.
 Talking as much as the son of Saith Gudyn†††.
 Talking with Merddin on a pole§§§.
 As cunning as Ieuan Cydewain.
 The ale of Aberconwy the farther off the better.
 To go a begging in Gwyddelwern|| ||.
 To kill the Mayor of Chester on Cevn Cerwyni****.
 He, that is the head, should become the bridge††††.

* The Yellow Plague of Rhos, p. 126 † Ibid ‡ Id. p. 125
 § Vol. ii. p. 387, Triad lxxxix. || Ibid.

** The daughter of Avarwy Hir, and one of Arthur's favourites. Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 8.

†† The history of Herbin is not known.

‡‡ Cyrys, generally called Old Cyrys of Ial, lived in the eleventh century, and was the original collector of the Proverbs published in the Archaialogy.

§§ A beauty of the twelfth century, celebrated by the princely bards, Owain Cyveiliog and Hywel ab Owain Gwynedd

||| A district in Herefordshire.

*** See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 249.

††† A part of Montgomeryshire.

††† This name occurs in the ancient bards, but the allusion in the proverb is not known. §§§ The reason of this allusion is also lost.

||| A parish in Meirion, near Corwen.

**** This name is also to be found in the old bards; but no more is known of the event here alluded to.

†††† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 207 in the Notes.

AN EXCURSION THROUGH NORTH WALES.

[Continued from Page 102.]

As I have several times alluded to the Marches of Wales, an outline of their origin may be acceptable to the reader. After William the Norman had subdued the Saxons, being well aware of the difficulty of subjugating the Welsh in like manner, he gave to seven Norman Lords as much land on the borders of Wales, as they could "win from the Welshmen;"—thereby providing for the majority of his followers a tolerable portion of territory, and, by a master-stroke of policy, preventing the Welsh from acting on the offensive to any great extent. The lands, thus granted, were denominated Lordships' or Baronies' Marchers, and were holden *in capite* of the king of England, as of the crown immediate, by serving the sovereign in his wars with a certain number of men. The lords were also bound to garrison their castles with sufficient men and munition "for the keeping of the king's enemies in subjection."

That the lords might better govern the people within their respective baronies, they were endued with such prerogative and authority, as were most fit for the quiet and effectual government of the country. To this end a kind of palatine court was established in each lordship, with full power to administer justice, and to execute its decrees in the territories dependent upon it; and, the king being supreme lord, reference was made to the English courts of law, whenever their own jurisdiction failed. In consequence of this policy, a large extent of territory, which had formerly belonged to the Welsh, became annexed to England; and, that it might be retained by the English, the Lords Marchers were invested with the most arbitrary authority.—The power of life and death was placed in their hands, and they were neither sparing nor merciful in the exercise of their powerful prerogative.

At the conquest of Wales by Edward, the power of the Lords Marchers was somewhat restricted; and, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, the government of the Marches was vested in a Lord President, and a Council, consisting of the Chief Justice of Chester, and the three other judges of Wales. In cases of extreme importance and emergency other

persons were appointed to decide the question. The Lords Marchers, however, and all their despotism were abolished by the Union Statute, and their territories became annexed partly to England and partly to Wales: the President and Council were nevertheless allowed to hold their offices as before, and their general court was to be holden at Ludlow. But in 1689 their power ceased altogether, and the Marches, with the other parts of the Principality, participated in the government and jurisdiction of England.

After an early dinner at Oswestry we set out about three o'clock to walk to Wrexham, a distance of fifteen miles; and in an hour we arrived at the populous village of Chirk, five miles on the road. Near this place is a castle, formerly the property of the wealthy and very respectable family of the Middletons*, and remarkable for its situation on a considerable eminence, commanding an extensive view into no less than seventeen different counties. It is about half a mile from the village, and, like that of Powys, exhibits a strange mixture of the ancient castle and the modern mansion. It is a quadrangular building, with a large and heavy looking tower at each corner, and a similar one over the entrance. Like all other strong holds, it has its dungeon, which is here as deep as the walls of the building are high; "but," observes Mr. Pennant, "according to the laudable usage of its present lord †, the captives endure but a short and easy confinement, and even *that* passes imperceptibly amidst the good cheer and generous liquors bestowed upon them by the kind warder to whose custody they are committed ‡."

* These domains, with the other Middleton estates, have lately been a subject of litigation. The suit has, at length, terminated in a division of the property between the three co-heiresses, whereby the castle and lands adjoining have become the portion of Mrs. Biddulph, under whose auspices considerable improvements are now taking place.—ED.

† The late Mr. Middleton, upon whose death the property was divided between his three daughters, the present Mrs. Biddulph, Mrs. West, and Miss Middleton.—ED.

‡ According to a statement, presented by Mr. John Middleton to the Society of Antiquarians, the building of Chirk Castle began in 1011, and finished in 1013. One of the wings was repaired in Cromwell's time, and cost £28,000. Soon afterwards, upon the revolt of Sir Thomas Middleton from the Parliament cause, the castle was besieged, and one side, with three of its towers demolished, but was restored during the same year at an expence of £80,000. It was in the vicinity of this castle that, in the year 1165, Henry II. was defeated by Owain Gwynedd in the famous

Passing through Chirk, we shortly arrived at a spot, "so fair, so green, so full of goodly prospect," that no one but the dullest stoic in existence could behold it with apathy. It was a lovely and secluded dale, through which the dark and troubled waters of the Dee rolled rapidly over their rugged and rocky bed between banks thickly clothed with hazel and alder bushes.

Fair was the scene around ; a lovely vale,
Whose mountain-circle, at the distant verge,
Lay softened on the sight: the near ascent
Rose bolder up, in part abrupt and bare—
Part with the ancient majesty of woods
Adorned, or lifting high its rocks sublime.
The river's liquid radiance rolled beneath—
A troubled stream, whose waves rolled on their way
With rapid vehemence.

A neat bridge added greatly to the beauty of the scene, which was yet more considerably heightened by a few cottages, picturesquely scattered at intervals along the declivities of the valley. This delightful landscape accompanied us for two miles, when we reached Ruabon, or Rhiwabon, a village pleasantly situated on rising ground at the north-western extremity of the valley, and contiguous to Wynnstay, the extensive and fertile demesne of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. At the little inn at Ruabon we ordered tea, and rested awhile to refresh ourselves, preparatory to the performance of the remainder of our walk, as we had yet full six good miles to travel. Having finished our potations, our host very civilly enquired if we would walk into Wynnstay-park, and see the grounds? We readily availed ourselves of his courtesy, and, with a good-humoured attentive little fellow, denominated Shone Bach (*Anglicè* Little John), we bent our steps towards the lordly domain of one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the Principality.

It was near sun-set when we entered the park, and the rich beams of the declining luminary, as they gilded the majestic oaks around us, lengthened their shadows, and cast a chequered glow upon the smooth green-sward beneath. This park

Battle of Crogen. The spot is still called *Adwy y Beddau*, or Pass of the Graves.—ED.

has, in many places, more of the appearance of an old English forest, than, of what is in Wales often termed a *park*. Its luxuriant groves of fine old oak, sycamore, and beech trees, its musical rivulets, and its broad green glades convey no indistinct idea of the haunts of the merry men of Sherwood, and I more than once surprised myself in comparing the beautiful prospects before us to the splendid scenes so admirably described in *Ivanhoe*. Whether the appellation bestowed upon our diminutive *Cicerone* contributed, by association, to remind me of Little John, and his renowned companions, I cannot at this time precisely determine; but I remember the circumstance well, and, even now, the magnificent scenes, we then beheld, are still in "my mind's eye," glowing in all the charms of an early and genial spring. The house is a large and substantial structure, built in a manner becoming the seat of a British country-gentleman, and well adapted to the reception of his worthy neighbours who may revel in his hospitality without the dread of spoiling any frippery ornaments, fit only to decorate the rout-rooms of a town-house, or the elegant villa of the wealthy citizen. It has been extensively altered, since its original erection, in a style, however, perfectly consonant with the ancient and majestic forest trees which surround it. I am, generally speaking, no admirer of that innovating system, which levels with the ground the venerable and antique halls of our fathers, merely for the sake of what is often erroneously termed *improvement*. But Wynnstay has been improved for a better reason, as some alteration had become actually necessary, both for the safety of the inmates, and for the external appearance of the mansion; for age had, in many places, rendered it ruinous and unstable*.

As we wished to reach our destination before night-fall, we did not deem it prudent to remain long at Wynnstay; taking leave, therefore, of our civil and good-humoured guide, we pursued our course towards Wrexham. Three miles on the

* Wynnstay was originally the abode of Madog ab Gruffudd Maelor, a prince of Powys, who died in the 13th century. It afterwards bore the name of Wattstay, derived from Watt's Dyke, which runs close to it. It was, upon coming into the possession of the present family, that it took the name of Wynnstay. The present house is supposed to have been built, part by Sir John Wynn in the 16th century, and the remainder by the last proprietor.—ED.

road we passed through Erddig, the beautiful estate of Simon Yorke, Esq., whose father, the late proprietor, was a rare specimen of warm-hearted Welshmanry and amusing eccentricity. He died in 1804, bequeathing to posterity a most curious and valuable memorial of his patriotism and erudition, in a work entitled "The Royal Tribes of North Wales," in which he has deduced, with the most praise-worthy precision and accuracy, the pedigrees of the principal families in Wales from their lordly and uncivilized ancestors of old. But the most conspicuous and patriotic feature in the character of this Cambrian Genealogist was an extreme predilection for every thing relating to the history and antiquities of his country. I have heard—and I believe Mr. Pennant mentions the circumstance—that he had appropriated a spacious apartment of his mansion to the reception and arrangement of the banners and escutcheons of his revered Royal Tribes; and that he had collected with much antiquarian diligence, and, doubtless, with much antiquarian acuteness, a number of highly-prized relics, chiefly weapons and utensils of the ancient Welsh. As to their genuineness—I can say nothing; neither can I affirm that this interesting depôt is still in existence; but it may be hoped, that the present worthy proprietor of Erddig has had too much patriotism and filial affection to destroy it.

Continuing our journey, we traversed a part of the country beautifully diversified by wood, rock, and mountain, and watered by many a murmuring rivulet. In such pedestrian excursions, as my friend and I have performed together, we are wont to saunter, rather than walk, from village to village; and the extreme beauty of the scenery, adorned, as it was, with the gayest colours of the spring, tempted us, on this occasion, to loiter on the road longer perhaps than was quite compatible with the prudent incitement, which induced us to quit Wynnstay before we had seen half its varied beauties. Long before we reached Wrexham, the deepening gloom of twilight had fallen on the fair scenes around us, affording only that dubious light, which induces reverie rather than exertion, and which was gradually enveloping the surrounding scenery in its own dusky folds.

The sun had sunk behind the western hill,
O'er whose dark summit came the evening grey;

The musky mists, which all the valley fill,
 Hung like the pall of the departed day.
 The songsters slept, each with its head reclined
 Beneath the shadow of its downy wing;
 No sound came floating on the peaceful wind,
 Save the soft murmurs of the bubbling spring.

We arrived at Wrexham, however, before night had quite overtaken us, and found, at the Eagles, a warm welcome, a good supper, and a comfortable bed.

Wrexham, (*Saxoniè* Wrightlesham*), is one of the largest towns in North Wales, second, indeed, to none in size and respectability, excepting Carnarvon†. The principal street is neat and spacious, and the houses, which compose it, are commodious and uniform; but the fine old church‡ is the most attractive object to the tourist. It is an elegant gothic structure, very richly ornamented, and having a most beautiful tower, at least one hundred and forty feet in height. The interior is decorated with some good monuments, two of which, to the memory of some of the Middleton family, and ascribed to Roubillac, are particularly fine. But there is one of a more ancient date, which points out the earthly remains of a most zealous Catholic, namely, of Hugh Bellot, Bishop of Chester. He was one of those austere churchmen, who retained a strong predilection for the severities of the cloister, long after the different orders of monkhood were suppressed. It is related of Hugh Bellot, that he would never admit a female under his roof, and that he practised on his own person the most severe restriction and self-denial. In the church-yard are interred the bones of Elihu Yale, a being of a very different temperament

* "Wrexham, truly called Wrightlesham (quoth old Leland), is the only markette towne of Welsch Maelor, haveing a goodlie Collegiate; there belongeth noe prebendes to it, though it be collegiated. There be sum merchauntes, and goode bokeler makers."

† And not to Carnarvon in size.—Ed.

‡ Miss Seward, who has eulogized many a beautiful scene in the Principality, has paid a passing tribute to the venerable towers of Wrexham Church.

Her hallowed temple there religion shews,
 That erst with beauteous majesty arose,
 In ancient days, where gothic art displayed
 Her fanes in airy elegance arrayed.

from the gloomy Bellot: he was a gay, speculating, roving young fellow, who first went to India, and, having amassed a considerable fortune, he subsequently extended his peregrinations to other parts of the world. His epitaph is excellent—

Born in America, in Europe bred,
 In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed,
 Where long he liv'd and thriv'd—in London dead.
 Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
 And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heaven.
 You, that survive, and read this tale, take care
 For this most certain exit to prepare,
 Where, blest in peace, *the actions of the just,*
Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust *!

}

If fame is to be credited, Elihu Yale must have been a fearful sort of personage; for, it is said, that, when in India, he ordered his groom to be hanged for riding his horse on a journey of two or three days for the sake of his health. He was tried for this transaction in the English courts, but escaped his deserts by paying a large sum to the government. He appears to have been much attached to Wrexham; for he has ornamented the church with a very fine altar-piece, which he purchased at Rome, and, although he died in London, he desired his remains might be deposited among the fair green hills of Denbighshire. It is somewhat curious, that two such opposite characters, as Hugh Bellot and Elihu Yale, should select for their final resting-place a spot so remote from their native land. The austere and self-denying churchman reposes under the floor of the temple—the gay licentious traveller under the green sod!

Between nine and ten the following morning we bade adieu to Wrexham, and, after a delightful walk of three hours, arrived at the Arcadia of Cambria—the far-famed and beautiful valley of Llangollen:

* The words, marked in Italics, express a beautiful thought, but they were used long before by Shirley, in his noble poem, beginning

“The glories of our earthly state
 Are shadows, not substantial things.”

and ending with the identical words of the Epitaph—

“Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

How leaped our hearts, when, from an airy height,—
 On which we paused for a sweet prospect's sake,—
 With green fields fading in a peaceful lake,
 The deep sunk vale burst sudden on our sight!

The mid-day sun was shining in all its glory on the green woods of the valley, as we walked towards the little town at its western extremity, and the rapid stream of the Dee glanced brilliantly in the sun-beams as it glided on towards the deep and distant ocean. This is certainly a more beautiful spot than the Vale of Festiniog in Merionethshire*. There is more richness and altogether more fertility and fantastic luxuriance in the scenery; and the placid little river Dwyryd of Festiniog is not to be compared with the broad and deep Dee of Llangollen. Here, as old Chamberlayne says,—

Nature in her unaffected dresse,
 Plaited with valleys, and imboast with hills,
 Enchas'd with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
 Sits lovely.—

There is, besides, a romantic and pensive association connected with the valley of Llangollen, which imparts additional interest to its beautiful scenery. Here, some twenty years ago, two nymphs, of gentle blood, sought that happiness and tranquillity which “the world cannot give.” Retiring from the gay and fascinating pleasures of the metropolis, they took up their abode amidst the quiet solitudes of the Valley of Llangollen, passing their time in acts of charity and benevolence. I have heard it whispered—but I will not vouch for the authenticity of the tale—that another cause, save that of a romantic love of solitude, induced them, in imitation of the nuns of old, to renounce the world and all its pleasures. It is impossible to think of youth and loveliness withdrawing themselves from the society of those, whom their presence gladdened, without deeply regretting that such a thing should be; there is a sad feeling of melancholy in the reflection, that all our joy and all our gladness may be damped in a moment and destroyed for ever!

Ⓜ

[*To be continued.*]

* Perhaps in picturesqueness of scenery the Vale of Llangollen must yield to that of Festiniog.—ED.

WELSH TRANSLATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—Your opinion of the Welsh Translation of *Paradise Lost* is so high, that I am almost afraid to express my sentiments on the subject*. Its merits, as a literary performance, I grant, are very considerable; but I much doubt its general usefulness, which ought to be the primary object in all undertakings of this kind. Its language is at times very fine, very energetic, but still to common readers very obscure, very unintelligible; I mean not to the illiterate, but to the generality of the reading part of society in Wales. Some of the sentiments, no doubt, in that poem, are beyond the reach of minds not improved by classical learning; but the language of the original is *commonly* intelligible to the generality of English readers. Not so the translation: to understand it, no common improvement in the language is necessary.

You have announced, in your last, a Translation of *Paradise Regained*, which appears to me liable to the same objection. Its language is too foreign to the present generation.

Is it impracticable, Mr. Editor, to do justice to the sublime effusions of Milton in a language generally intelligible to the Welsh reader? I think not. It is not necessary, that every word should be familiar to common readers, but the terms *generally* employed should no doubt be *generally* understood. I have neither time nor ability sufficient for such an undertaking; but I have just made the attempt, and I send you a few lines I put together as a specimen of what I think may be accomplished for the *real* benefit of my country. They are the first lines of *Paradise Regained*, the translation of which appears in your last Number †.

Cyn hyn canaswn am y ddedwydd ardd,
Tros drosedd dyn a gollwyd, canav 'n awr

* The apprehension, here expressed by our correspondent, was quite unnecessary. Whatever our own opinions may, in any case, be, we shall never exclude from our pages those of an adverse nature, merely because they are adverse. The CAMBRO-BRITON is open to all, be their sentiments what they may, whose contributions, in other points of view, have the necessary merit to recommend them. In this respect we may justly say, with the Carthaginian queen,—

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.—ED.

† The first period in the Translation, to which I allude, is *not* correctly

Am Wynva i ddyn a adenillwyd, trwy
 Uvuddod * Un provedig gan lym nerth
 Hudoliaeth, ac am vaeddiad, er ei vrad,
 Yr Hudwr, a'i orchvygiaeth gyvlawn ev,
 A chodiad Eden yn yr anial gwyllt.

Ti, Yspryd *, a arweiniaist Vab y Nev
 Tua 'r difeithwch, ei vuddygol vaes,
 I gad â'r gelyn gawr, a'i dugaist eto 'n ol
 Yn Vab diamau Duw trwy broviad llawn,
 O ysprydola vy hwyliedig gan,
 Yn vud sydd hebddot; dwg hi 'n drevnus, trwy
 Bob uchder, dyvnder eithav anian gyd,
 Ar aden llwydd, vel traetho bethau uwch
 Na dewr weithredion byd, er dirgel hwynt,
 Heb sylw dyn, dros oesoedd heb govâd,
 Nis caned hwynt, anheilwng velly vod.

Pan waeddodd y Rhagvlaenor mawr, â llais
 Mwy dychrynedig na neb udgorn vloedd,
 Ar a vedyddied† oll,—Edivarhewch,

rendered, nor in an intelligible form.

The Tempter foiled and Eden raised,—

is connected in the original with *Recovered Paradise* in the third line, being objective cases to the verb *sing*. Not so in the translation. The sentence is so incoherently formed, that the meaning cannot be seen. In the eleventh line the sense of the original is completely changed. I have no room for more remarks.

* We adhere strictly in these, and all other, instances to the orthography of our correspondent.—ED.

† In giving the first extract from "*Adreddiant Gwynva*," in our 23d Number, we omitted to notice the singularity of the word, which corresponds with *vedyddied* in this translation. The term, used in the former instance, is *trochedigion*; but we will quote the passage, together with the original. Milton says—

"and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
 To all baptized—"

which are translated on the occasion alluded to as follows:—

"—a bod teyrnas Nev
 Yn wng i drochedigion."

Now, it certainly must be admitted, that *trochedig* is not a fair translation of *baptized*. It means rather one *immersed* or *plunged* into water; and, if the object were to designate a particular sect (we allude to the *Dippers*), this would be the very word to employ. A similar objection, though not quite so obvious, may be made to a subsequent passage where *him baptized* is rendered—

"Gan wedi ei vedyddio yn y liv."

We are far, however, from suspecting the writer of any particular design in these translations, and notice them merely, because they certainly involve an innovation on the sense of the original, and that too on a very material point.—ED.

Nesaodd Teyrnas Dduw';—i' w bedydd daeth
 Mewn dychryn dwys y wlad i gyd o gylch;
 O Nas'reth hevyd daeth, mal gelwid ev,
 Mab Ioseph, i'r Iorddonen, eto nid
 Yn adnabuddus; ond canvuddai ev
 Yn ebrwydd y Bedyddiwr, wedi cael
 Rhybyddiad Nev; a thystiodd yn y van
 Mae ei deilyngach oedd, a mynai roi
 Ei nevol swydd i'w law; ac ni bu hir
 Heb wel'd mae tyst gwir oedd, can's arno ev
 Yn vedyddiedig 'gorwyd Nev, ac mewn
 Llun c'lomen disgyn wnaeth yr Yspryd Glan,
 Tra traethai 'r Tad, 'mae 'i unig Vab oedd ev.
 Hyn glywodd ei Wrthnebydd, pan, ar grwydr
 O gylch y byd, nid y diweddav ve
 Yn y cyfarvod hwn: y dwyvol lev
 A'i t'rawodd megis taran, syllood dro
 Yn syn ar un mor vawr, a gadd vath glod
 Gan Nev ei hun: ac yna, 'n llawn o lid,
 Ehedodd i ei le; heb aros dim,
 I gyngor galwodd ei ganlynwyr gyd
 O vewn cymylau tew, cymysglyd, du,—
 Cabidwl caddug; o'u canol ev,
 A golwg hell mewn gwg, a ddwedai hyn.

Shall I venture a few remarks more on COLL GWYNVA?
 There are, at least, three things, that appear to me to detract
 from its merits. A mode of construction has been adopted in
 it, by which the contractions, used in the language, have been
 avoided, and by this its strength has been, according to my
 opinion, considerably affected: the expressions, by being
 lengthened, lose much of their force and energy. When we
 pronounce, in a sentence, *ac yr*, instead of, *a'r*, the breath
 is spent in vain on words, that are comparatively insigni-
 ficant. The using also of small words, such as *y*, *o*, *i*, *yr*,
 &c., to end the line with, has no good appearance; nor is it
 suitable for reading, inasmuch as a pause of some length, more
 or less, is always made when the line is finished*. I know
 that our language presents a difficulty in this respect; but a
 redundant syllable is used at times with good effect. The ori-

* We have on more occasions than one noticed this objection, which is
 certainly well founded.—Ed.

ginal affords many examples of this kind. I deem *Coll Gwynva* defective also in those small words, which I may call connectives; the dependence of one part of the sentence on the other is often not sufficiently clear. As an example, I shall mention the first lines in the first Book. The connection of "*idd y byd ei vlas*" with "the forbidden tree" is not so easy and natural as that of the original; and much worse is the connection between "*gan golli Eden*" and "*echrys wae*." And, as to "*meddu y vro gain*," I do not understand its construction. It is preceded by the conjunctive *a*; but to what word it is joined I cannot make out. Through a deficiency, in not well connecting together the different clauses of sentences, there is a considerable obscurity in many parts, so that I am often obliged to refer to the original, before I can comprehend the meaning. Perspicuity is an excellency, which should not be excluded from any work intended for the general good. Though the original has many sentences and periods very much involved, and, consequently, rather obscure, yet they are not, I conceive, in any degree to be compared with those we meet with in the translation.

Pardon me for speaking so freely of the work of one who has done so much for his country. I merely touch on the subject, expecting others, more competent, to take it in hand. A little discussion, carried on in a right temper, with candour and moderation, may be productive of much good. Success to your labours. You have the best wishes of your fellow countryman.

Nov. 10, 1821.

J. O. C.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Having had a *few bars' rest*, I resume my observations on *Cymru's* sweet melodies with much pleasure, and, as the *Second Number** has at length been published, I cannot do better, perhaps, than notice some of the airs which are contained in it.

* This has reference to the new selection of Welsh Melodies by Mr. Parry, just published.—ED.

“Holl Ieuencid Cymru,”—*All ye Cambrian Youth*, was mentioned in my last letter*: I shall merely add, that Mrs. Hemans has written some delightful words to it, and named the song “The Green Isles of Ocean.”

The next in rotation is “The Minstrelsey of Chirk Castle,” (of which a description was given in p. 415 of your first volume), with words by A. A. Watts, Esq. entitled “Be happy to-day.”

“Rhyban Morvudd,”—*Morvudd's Ribbon*, is a most elegant flowing melody: an admixture of Italian refinement with Cambrian simplicity pervades it. The words, by J. H. Wiffen, Esq. are exceedingly appropriate, commencing—

“’Tis the step of my *Morvudd*, more graceful, more free,
Than the fawn of the forest, or nymph of the sea.”

Morvudd was beloved by the celebrated poet David ab Gwilym, who composed, in her praise, about one hundred and fifty odes; but, notwithstanding he wooed her faithfully for many years, she was married to Rhys Gwgan, an officer who served in the battle of Cressy, A. D. 1346 †.

“Mwynen Gwynedd,” *The Melody of North Wales*. Words have been written to this bold and characteristic air, complimentary to the revival of the *Eisteddvodau*.

“Strike, strike the harp! for now no more alarms
The tramp of fiery steeds, nor the clang of arms.
Cambria's Bards' assembled throng
Wake the lyre of proudest song,
Pouring far the hills among
The strain that memory warms.”

This is harmonized for three voices with a harp accompaniment.

“Tros y Dwr,”—*Over the Water* ‡. The more this melody is performed the more it must be admired. The words, by Mr. J. Jones, of Swansea, author of “Lorin, or the Wanderer in Wales,” are very applicable. The contrast between the troubled times of *Rhys ab Tewdwr*, in the eleventh

* CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 361.

† We have, in a preceding article, given a biographical notice of Davydd ab Gwilym.—ED.

‡ See vol. ii. p. 362 of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

century, and the present peaceable days, is very powerfully drawn, and the burden is exceedingly appropriate.

—“Sweet vale of the Tywy—

Where thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Thrills a matin salute to the bright god of day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay.”

“Cader Idris.”—*The Seat of Idris.* Every body has heard of this celebrated mountain, which is near Dolgellau. 'Tis said, that *Idris* was a giant, and a sublime astronomer, and that he used to contemplate the heavenly bodies from this lofty mountain*. The words, adapted to this melody by Mr. Wiffen, commence

“I pass'd in its beauty the Dee's Druid water.”

Respecting the air itself I shall take the liberty of quoting Mrs. Hemans' words. In giving her opinion on the second volume of “Welsh Melodies,” she says—“Besides those airs, to which I had written words, I was particularly pleased with the grace and lightness of the serenade ‘Ellen Dear,’ and with that beautiful melody (of which the words also are excellent) ‘Cader Idris.’”—She was pleased to pass a compliment on the arrangement, which my *diwagsawrwydd* will not permit me to insert!

“Hob y deri dando †.” The melody is given in the Number before me, as sung in North Wales, which is somewhat different from the air sung in the South; but both modes are exceedingly pleasing and very original. The words by Mr. J. Jones, commencing

“The summer storm is on the mountain,
Hob y deri dando, &c.”

are arranged for two voices after the manner of the Cymry, which render them very effective.

“Mwynen Mon,”—*The Melody of Mona.* This truly Welsh composition was mentioned in vol. ii. p. 361, of your work, and the beautiful words, adapted to it by Mrs. Hemans,—

“The Lament of the last Druid”—

were inserted in your last Number †.

* See p. 388 of the last volume for a brief notice of Idris.—ED.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 253.

† Lest it might be considered egotism in me, to speak so highly of the

I shall close this letter with observing, that I fully agree with the writer, whose account of the competition for the Silver Harp at the Carnarvon *Eisteddvod* you inserted in your last number. When I heard of the decision *I was very much astonished*; this is all I deem it proper to say on the subject, whatever I may think.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Newman Street,

JOHN PARRY.

Dec. 10, 1821.

ETYMOLOGY.

It cannot have escaped the penetration of our readers, that we have, on sundry occasions, betrayed a particular fondness for etymological researches. That such is our propensity we have no hesitation in avowing; nay, more than this, we are not ashamed to confess, that, if ever we were disposed to mount one of those high-mettled creatures, yclept a hobby-horse, this same subject of etymology is the very one we should choose. To be sure, it is by no means improbable, that we might find our steed occasionally somewhat restive, and might even, as hath befallen other hobby-horsemen before us, stand a fair chance of being now then pitched over our hippogriff's head, to our manifest chagrin and discomfiture. But we hereby forewarn all whom it may concern, that not even these appalling hazards, which, like true knight-errants in literature, we should most willingly encounter, shall ever deter us from bestriding the aforesaid hobby-horse when and as often as our inclination so prompteth. The sequel of this article will explain the necessity of the foregoing sage ruminations, though, at this moment, we deem it fitting to add, nothing is farther from our inclination than to mount a horse of any sort whatever, our present business being, as the reader will soon discover, with quadrupeds of quite another description. In a

publication under notice, be it recollected, that the "Melodies" are the composition of—I wish I could say whom!—and that the Poetry has been supplied by various literary friends. I must be regarded, therefore, as an architect, or rather a builder, who erects a superstructure with materials provided for him.—J. P.

word, it is that interesting and useful animal, the cow, respecting which we are now about to offer a few speculations, our attention having been called to the subject by our cloistered and much-esteemed correspondent, whose erudite epistle we here insert, subjoining thereto, with all humility, a few supplementary particulars, which have been suggested by the perusal of it.

MON—MONA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—It is well-known, that Anglesea is by Tacitus called MONA, and that the Welsh name of the Island was anciently, and is still, MON. MON is also the ancient name of a cow. Hence arises a question, to wit, whether these words, in the language of the schools, are univocal, or equivocal, or analogous. Now, it would seem that there is some lurking analogy between Anglesea, or, to speak more correctly, between an island and a cow; yet, what that may be, it is at first sight difficult to say. But, to examine the matter more closely. MON is, doubtless, of the same origin with the Greek *μονος*, and is most appropriately applied to an island withdrawing into the solitude of the ocean. This also explains to us why it should have been applied not only to Anglesea, but equally to the Isle of Man, as it is by Cæsar. So far is clear. But it is a much more abstruse matter to account for the application of MON to a cow. If we chose to indulge in puns and call the word equivocal, we might say that a cow is called MON (that is to say *μονος*) as being *μὴ οὖτος*. But such a conjecture we leave to the decision of that wondrous prodigy of taste—a German commentator. To return then; why is a cow called MON? Was the name first given to a cow or to an island? Most likely to the former. Cows are more familiar than islands and, in all probability, were better and sooner known to the ancient Britons. It appears not very improbable that MON was first applied to a cow, then to things of a solitary nature, (as in the case of MONYN), and subsequently to an island. To us, indeed, the cow appears of a gregarious disposition, but the cows of more ancient times, and in particular of mountain countries, we have reason to believe, were of a much more romantic turn, and great lovers, if not of absolute retirement

from the world, at least of occasional solitude. Hence, she was frequently seen browsing her lonely meal in the wild pasture*, as appears from that beautiful image, which Æschylus puts into the mouth of the suppliant Danaïdes.

Ιδε με ταν ικετιν φυγαδα ΠΕΡΙΔΡΟΜΟΝ

Λευκοφικτον ὡς ΔΑΜΑΔΙΝ αμπετραις.

Ηλιεατοισιν. Αλκᾶ

Πισυνος μεμυκε φραζε-

σα βοτῆρι μοχθους †.

If, then, the cows of old were given to solitude, it is easily seen how, through such a general idea, the appellation of this excellent and once romantic creature might come, in the course of time, and without many intervening ages, to signify an island.

Or was it, that the ancient Britons, like their modern descendants of the mountains, had each family their separate establishment of one favourite and solitary cow?—Or was it, that Mona was famous for its cows in olden time as it is to-day? Or was it some other reason, which we know nothing at all about; and my utter inability to determine which drives me to a conclusion? Your's, &c.

Oxford.

MONACHUS.

If any one should unadvisedly quarrel with our friend *Monachus* for the facetiousness, with which he has occasionally treated this grave topic, we would merely ask him, in the words of a favourite author,—

————— *ridentem dicere verum*

Quid vetat?

Thus, when our correspondent, with apparent jocularly, enquires whether our forefathers, like their mountain progeny of these days, had their separate establishment of a single cow each, he designs, no doubt, a covert allusion to the following line of Taliesin, wherein the poet brings the fact almost to a demonstration. The line is—

“*Heb epa, heb HENVONVA, heb over byd*”—

Without a monkey, without a *cow-stall*, without a luxury on earth—

* Οιοεοτης.

† Suppl. 361—5.

which obviously implies, that a monkey and a cow were among the luxuries of our unambitious progenitors. And the quotation proves, moreover, the early use of the word *MON*, which forms a component part of the term *henwonva*, in reference to a *cow*. But we have abundant authority for the ancient prevalence of the word *henwon*, and consequently of *MON*, in this sense, as in the three following adages:—

Newydd benyg yn HENVON.
New entrails in an *old milch-cow*.

Pawb yn llosgwrn ei HENVON.
Every one at the tail of his *cow*.

Y sawl, a biau yr HENVON, ymaeled yn ei chynfon.

He, that owns the *milch-cow*, should take hold of her tail.

The particular humour of the allusion in the last two adages we profess ourselves unable to divine, unless, indeed, (as we are rather disposed to conjecture), it is to be taken in confirmation of our correspondent's hypothesis, by implying, that, as our ancestors maintained but one cow each, they should keep a strict watch over their treasure, and even secure them by their tails (if it might be necessary to resort to such an extremity) rather than lose them.

However, we are ready to admit, that we are far from regarding the argument, we have just quitted, as conclusive on the subject before us, and, therefore, turn with pleasure, to the more important point,—the affinity, as preserved in the Welsh word *MON*, between islands and cows. And, that such an affinity, strange as it may appear, does also exist in the nature of things is, we think, what we shall be at no loss to prove.

MON, as an elementary word, denotes, in Welsh, any thing isolated or separate, and is hence applied, with strict propriety, to an island. Both Anglesea and the Isle of Man, accordingly bore, anciently, as one does still, this designation, the first being called, as we find in the early poets, *Môn Vynydd*, the *Môn* of the Mountain, and the other *Môn Aw*, the *Môn* of the Water, afterwards corrupted into *Manaw*, and, finally, by the English into *Man*.

The appropriation of *MON* to an island is, therefore, well-established and natural; and we have already seen, that a cow, likewise, in former times, was known by the same appellation. It only remains, then, to shew with what justice the

word has been employed in the latter instance, which will bring us, in all probability, to the marrow of our question,—the reason of the consanguinity (if we may so express ourselves) between a cow and an island.

That the cow is naturally of a gregarious disposition we require not the ghost either of Linnæus or of Buffon to inform us : speaking of her in the abstract, therefore, we can hardly designate her as a *solitary* animal. But, may there not be seasons, and those too of the most interesting nature, when she assumes such a character? And that this is the fact experience furnishes us with continual proof. For it is well known to all, who have been observers of such matters, that, in the first period of maternal solicitude, (if we may apply such terms to the occasion), the cow almost invariably segregates herself, with her young progeny, from the rest of the herd. At this period it is, that her whole care centres in her offspring, and, to secure it from harm, she becomes a solitary grazer, or, as the Greek compound, referred to by *Monachus*, more happily expresses it, *οιοβοής*. And some such occasion as this it must have been that the Greek Tragedian contemplated in the following passage :—

Νυν δ' αὖ φρενος γ' ΟΙΟ—

ΒΟΤΑΣ, φίλοις μέγα

Πένθος εὐρήσῃαι.—SOPHOC : *Αἴας* v. 617.

But Sophocles has other apparent allusions to the solitary disposition of the animal under consideration, one of which, as we wish to do her all possible honour, we shall here quote :—

Κἄπο μαῖρὸς ἄφαρ βεβα-

κεν, ὥς ΠΟΡΤΙΣ ΕΡΗΜΑ.—*Τραχινίαι*. v. 530.

And, upon another occasion, the same author, whose works abound in the truest observations of nature in all her varieties, makes the *bull* an emblem of solitude, as he is well known occasionally to be. The passage occurs in his *Ædipus Tyrannus*, where, in allusion to the unknown murderer of Laius, the Chorus say—

Φοίᾳ γὰρ ὑπ' ἀγρίαν ὕλαν,

ἀνα τ' αὐτῆρα καὶ πέτραις, ὥς ΤΑΥΡΟΣ

μέλεος μέλεω ποδὶ χηρευων,

τα μισομφαλα γὰς ἀπονομφίζων

μανίῃα.—v. 481.

But, having no wish to make a *bull* of this article, we return, as in duty bound, to the *cow*, whom we have seen to be, on certain occasions, fully entitled to the appellation of *MON* or a solitary one. Hence then, it is scarcely necessary to add, comes the natural relationship between this animal and an island, the latter separating itself from the great mass of continental territory as the other occasionally disunites herself from her fellows. This abstract view of the question were itself enough to decide it; but this is not all. For, in order to prove, that the consimilitude, of which we are speaking, has had its origin in the segregative character of the cow on the occasion alluded to,—to prove this, we repeat, almost to a demonstration, we may adduce the extraordinary fact, that an islet, contiguous to the Isle of Man, is called the Calf of Man. And, if that be not sufficient, two other instances occur off the Irish coast, one off that of Down, and the other off Dublin, where two islet rocks, one larger than the other, are called “The Cow and the Calf.” Nothing, we conceive, can be more conclusive as to the affinity anciently supposed to exist between cows and calves, on the one hand, and islands and islets, upon the other. The appropriation of the word *MON*, therefore, to the two occasions, above mentioned, has its foundation in nature*, and adds one more to the many proofs of the venerable purity and philosophical character of the Welsh tongue.

EXCERPTA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Accident lately threw in my way a small work, by the Rev. James Adams, a Scotchman, printed at Edinburgh in 1799, entitled “*The Pronunciation of the English Language vindicated from anomaly and caprice,*” with “*An Appendix on the Dialects of the Human Speech in all Countries.*” It is on account of a passage in the “Appendix,” that I take the liberty of calling your attention to this publication. The following is the

* [Query Extraordinary].—Has the English word *moan* any thing to do with the bellowings of a lonely cow in search of her calf,—φραζουσα βόητης μοχθους?

extract in question, which you would much oblige an old correspondent by inserting amongst your *Excerpta*. It is by no means, however, my wish to offer any prefatory vindication of this extract, which I transmit, not merely because it falls within the plan of the CAMBRO-BRITON, but also as a literary curiosity, worthy of being rescued from its present obscurity.

LANGUAGE OF PARADISE.

“The question has often been asked, what language was spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise? A learned etymologist, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio, to prove that it was pure Welsh*. Not only the assertion, but the very problem, is still received with laughter, to which I expose myself by not letting loose those muscles, which exhibit the impression of ignorance joined with surprise; for that is the source of this weakest passion of man, laughter, which is no confutation of error. A philosophic pause will create doubt, and doubt may produce a problem, and a problem be supported with specious reasons tending to point out a hidden truth, that the learned Welshman soared above the reach of vulgar prejudice and ignorance.

“First, then, the Almighty did not destroy, but only confounded, the form and texture of original language; therefore, it still remains substantially in the general speech of man. Next, may we not ask, if it is not within the power of the grammatical skill of eminent linguists to analyze and decompose literary mixtures, as able chemists resolve natural and medical mixtures, into their component parts? Now, what are Greek and Latin, or languages formed on similar principles, but a disguise, concealment, or confusion of radical words, found chiefly in expletive syllables? Cut them off, and you will find the root is commonly a Hebrew monosyllable. This experiment being equally verified in pure Welsh, we may conclude that Hebrew, as far as now understood, or Welsh, was the first language of man; but, as Hebrew takes the lead in the opinion of all that are not adepts in the Welsh tongue, the conclusion

* We should feel much obliged to any of our correspondents, that could inform us, who this “learned etymologist” was, and what was the title of his work.—ED.

will be in favour of the former. But this cannot destroy a second problem, viz. that, if Welsh was not used by Adam and Eve in Paradise, Welsh, bearing much radical resemblance with Hebrew, is, however, the second least corruption of primitive language, and probably that smallest of corruptions, which Japhet's sons brought from the South, and planted in the Isles of the Gentiles, viz. our islands. This proposition will receive additional strength, when we divide the same *honour of originality* with languages, affinitive to the Welsh, the Gaelic of the Highlands and old Irish. It moreover seems probable, that the same language existed in the islands scattered on the coast of Gaul, and in those parts at least, which were more contiguous to us, as Cæsar hints in his Commentaries, and the name of Gallic seems to express. As in chemistry, so in grammar, experimental proofs and examples are more convincing than speculation. There is not an illiterate wanderer in the mountains of Wales, North Scotland, or Ireland, who does not understand the first verse of Virgil's *Æneid*, despoiled of its expletives.

Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris.
Arm agg fer can — pi pim fra or.

“The grand expression in Gen. ch. v. in Greek, Latin, &c. is equally reducible to the same decomposition.

Γεννητω	Φως	και	γενετο	Φως.	*	*
Gennet	pheor	agg	genneth	pheor.	*	*
Fiat lux	et (ac.) lux	facta	*	*	*	fuit. * *
Feet lur	agg	lur	feet	*	*	fet. * *

So far Mr. Adams.

Upon pointing out this passage to a Cambrian friend, than whom no one is more thoroughly versed in his native tongue, he immediately suggested the possibility of turning the preceding quotations into Welsh of more purity than Mr. Adams's Gaelic, and nearer, in each case, to the original. This accordingly he did, without hesitation, and I have no doubt, your readers will be pleased with the following result.

1. *Arvau ac gwr canwyr Troiau cw prif o or.*
2. *Ganed fawdd, ac y genid fawdd.*
3. *Bydded lluch, a lluch a feithied.*

One or two of the words in these examples may appear somewhat strange to the ordinary Welsh reader; but they are not, therefore, the less genuine. They are, in fact, pure Welsh words in ancient use, and, for that very reason, strictly appropriate to the occasion, on which they are here employed. Without farther comment I leave this curious *excerptum* in the hands of your readers, such of whom, as are Welshmen, will, no doubt, hail, with transport, this new testimony to the primitiveness of their vernacular language. Nor, let any one exclaim, in the words of the Roman poet,

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

CELTA.

THE MISCELLANIST.—No. XVI.

I. ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR,—In the leading article of your last Number there are some observations to which I cannot altogether subscribe. With every thing said respecting the Antiquity of the Welsh tongue I perfectly agree, and feel obliged to the author for his able discussion of the subject. But my opinion differs from his with respect to the origin of language. In the disputes on this point I cannot say that I am at all versed: the arguments that have been adduced by the learned on both sides of the question I am not acquainted with. You will perhaps, therefore, consider me incompetent to say much on the subject; however, I trust you will excuse me for mentioning one plain argument, which appears to me rather strong against the supposition, that language, at first, was not the gift of God. It is not an argument, that depends at all on any thing in the Scriptures, (for I can see nothing in them decisive one way or the other,) nor on any ancient records, but rests on what seems to me to be the very nature of things. That language was at first communicated to man by the Almighty I can no more doubt, than that the substance of his food and the materials of his raiment were provided for him. There is nothing new, says the Preacher, under the sun; there is nothing in this world,

which is *materially* or *essentially* new. A new form may be given to things, but their substance is not new ; so, with respect to language, man may give it an endless variety of forms, but its substance, its elements, must, as I conceive, have proceeded first from Him who is the creator of all things. Man originates or gives real being to nothing ; what he does is to appropriate materials to different purposes by various modes of combination. All the inventions of art and all the discoveries of science are to be considered in this light. Reasoning by analogy, I am led to think that language, being a thing *sui generis*, essentially distinct from every other gift or qualification bestowed on man, could not have been a human invention, but must have been at first communicated : but, having received the materials, the simple and primary elements of speech, as many as at first were necessary, man was capable afterwards of increasing these materials by different modifications.

Countenanced, I think, is this view by what is recorded of the confusion of languages. There would have been, as it appears, no variety of tongues, had there been no divine interposition ; and, if this did not otherwise take place, is it too much to suppose that the first tongue had God as its author ? What appears the most obvious view of the subject, is this :— God first endued man with a language, a perfect speech, sufficient for all his purposes, adapted to his capacities and situation, to the nature and state of things, to the world in which he lived. This language increased in proportion to the new discoveries of mankind, until the time that it was multiplied by God, at Babel, into many languages ; and probably most of them, as I have seen it suggested before now in the CAMBRO-BRITON, partook in a measure, more or less, of the original language, whose first author, in my view, was God.

To the authorities, produced on this subject in the Essay, the French author and Dr. Priestley, I can allow no very great weight. Of the former I know nothing, only that he belongs to a nation not very remarkable for its allegiance to the Supreme Being* ; but the character of the latter is, in some degree,

* We can give our correspondent full credit for the assertion that "he knows nothing" of the French author alluded to, (M. de Gebelin,) whose luminous views of the origin and progress of language are far from meriting the reproach, which, with too much justice, belongs to the works

known to me; the tenour of his religious sentiments was clearly to divest the Deity of his prerogatives, and to appropriate them to man. The exaltation of the creature at the expense of the Creator seems to have been the prime object and character of his whole creed; and this trait in his sentiments runs through all his speculations that refer at all to the transactions of the Almighty with his creatures.

December 11th, 1821.

DEWI.

II. WELSH SOCIETIES—BARDIC MOTTO IN POWYS*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Often has my mind been dilated with the extatic contemplation of the different measures that have of late years conspired, not only to restore, but to enhance, the excellent knowledge of British Literature; from the STAR which arose in the South, the VENDOCIAN LUMINARY of the North, and, above all, to that valuable miscellany of the Metropolis, the CAMBRO-BRITON. The former have been useful to rouse the plebeian part of the Principality, while the latter has been more successful in kindling the zeal of the higher classes of the community. This sacred spark of patriotism lay dormant, as it were, for a considerable number of years; or, at least, it was concentrated within the circle of a few Briton-like lovers of their national lore, residing chiefly in London, except a few dispersed individuals, who still adhered to their native soil, who only occasionally visited those their congenious brethren in the city, the society of whom served to ignite the noble spark, and they returned to their respective stations with fresh ardour for the pursuit of their former explorations. At length, however, this zeal matured into more strength, and was communicated to new objects, until new and vigorous achievements were contemplated—societies formed for the ac-

of some of his countrymen. Yet, even if this stigma had been much more generally deserved than it really is, it ought not, in candour, to have been thus loosely converted into a matter of accusation against the writer in question.—ED.

* These observations, it seems, have already been printed for distribution amongst the author's friends, and we gladly comply with his wish to give them the advantage of a more general circulation.—ED.

complishment of those laudable designs—subjects proposed for elucidation—prizes offered to the successful candidates—meetings convoked for the awarding of those prizes. All became anticipation, and all was satisfaction. The first of those meetings was held at Carmarthen, in September, 1819, where great erudition and discretion were displayed. Notwithstanding, the spirit of envy could hardly refrain from murmuring: insinuating that partiality had been shewn in adjudging the different performances. But these invectives were drowned in the rumours of another similar meeting in Powys, which was held at Wrexham, in September last, when so much talent and erudition were exhibited, and so much entertainment afforded, even to the utmost anticipation of those who attended, that they alone can form a proper idea of the gratification enjoyed on the occasion. The accomplishments of the antiquarians, the bards, the vocalists, and the musicians, were admirable, and highly approved of by the whole multitude; and the successful candidates justly deserved their distinctions and rewards. And I was highly gratified by reading, in the CAMBRO-BRITON for April last, of the different appropriate medals awarded to those victorious competitors, as tokens to commemorate their well-earned ascendancy. But permit me, by the way, to express my disapprobation of one of the mottos, viz. that on the medal of Mr. R. Davies, of Nantglyn, which runs thus:—

“ Nantglyn; y glanddyn glwys,
Ei hun bjodd hen Bowys.”

Although it may appositely be said of this, as the Roman Governor of old, “What I have written I have written;” nevertheless, lasting as the medal may be, I think it justice to keep as lasting a record to future generations, that the said motto was far from meeting with general approbation, and that, not from any disrespect to the candidate, for whom it was intended, nor to his composition, for which it was awarded to him: nay, both deserved a medal of gold.—But the motto is objectionable from other and different considerations, i. e. not only for poetical imperfection, but chiefly on account of the vague idea which it conveys. It is evident to every one, who is conversant with Welsh poetry, that the above motto is only

a kind of parody upon that old stanza, originally appropriated to Bleddyn ab Cynvyn :—

“ Bleddyn ab Cynvyn bob cwys
Ei hun biodd hen Bowys.”

And it is well known, that the said Bleddyn held that division of the Principality by right of royalty, and not by bardic eminency ; and the drift of expression in the above stanza naturally and forcibly conveys the same idea. The alteration, which it underwent in the present instance, does not in the least affect its scope ; consequently, it must still convey the same notion to all who read it, not having been previously informed of the circumstance connected therewith. For instance, ask a person in some of the remotest counties, utterly ignorant of the late transactions at Wrexham, to unriddle the said motto, and I will venture to assert, that he will tell you that NANTGLYN must have been a potent prince, or landed proprietor, of Powys. The same inference must, naturally, be made by all who read it in a future generation ; for what is there in the expression that can infer the most distant idea of bardic eminence ? Would it not have been more appropriate to say something to this purport—

Bardd Nantglyn, y glanddyn glwys,
Cawd ar ben cadair Bowys.

Or, rather, could not one of the bards, either in town or country, forge a new stanza altogether for the purpose ?

Thinking, that, as an individual of the Powys Society, I had a right to say thus much on the subject, I shall now recommend it to the consideration of the rest of the fraternity, and the public at large.

I am, Sir, &c.

August 30th, 1821.

A POWYSIAN.

III. COMETS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

MR. EDITOR.—The Welsh Chronicles give an account of two remarkable comets ; one in the year 1094, and the other in 1105*.

Your insertion of these two dates, Sir, may attract the at-

* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 405. 422. 536.

tention of some astronomical reader, so as to examine, whether the appearance of either of the comets thus recorded coincides with any of the periods calculated as to the revolutions of those bodies.

An extraordinary *Aurora Borealis* is noticed in the same Chronicles, as having happened in the years 710, 1030, and 1114*.

HANESAI.

IV. QUESTIONS ON THE WELSH LAWS †.

1. WAS the size of the Welsh acre the same, or greater or less, than the English?

2. Is there any reason to suppose, that the division, contained in the Laws of Howel, of *Cantrevs*, *Commots*, *Manors*, &c, extended all over England before the Saxons took it from them?

3. Does the term *Arglwydd* mean the Lord of the Land, or the *Natu Maximus*, who had the *dominium rectum*, in opposition to the *Filius Natu Minimus*, who held the *usufruct*, but was not the feudal proprietor?—See Howel by Wotton, l. ii. p. 143. § 8. and l. iv. p. 318.

4. What was the title of these *Natu Maximi*: had they any powers peculiar to themselves: did they sit like our House of Lords, which are the eldest of the families?

5. What was the power of the *Pencenedl*?

6. In Howel every *Cantrev* contained 100 villæ or 10 tythings in English.—See Howel, 157. Is it not probable, that the Welsh Hundred, or *Cantrev*, was the foundation of our Hundreds, and perhaps the countries of the old Welsh Principalities or Kingdoms,—the Welsh taking duodecimal divisions of Manors in the Hundreds, and the English the decimal of Tythings, but both regarding the *villa*, which, in Saxon, was occasionally called a Hyde?

7. Is there supposed to be extant any account of the coronation of Arthur, or any British kings subsequent to the time of Constantine the Great?

* Ib. pp. 391. 506. 548.

† We are solicited by a correspondent to give insertion to these Questions, in the hope that some of our readers may be able to supply the necessary information.—Ed.

Awen Cymru.*A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen.*—EDM. PRYS.

AWDL A GANT GWALCHMAI I DAVYDD AB OWAIN*.

ARAV hav, hëar gweilgi,
 Eirioes coed, oergled celli :
 Allwynin ossid o symud arglwydd—
 Erglyw, Duw, vy ngweddi !
 Anwyd prophwyd prudd ioli—
 Udd nevoedd, rheg oedd rhoddi,
 Amser ym ceri ev carwn Ddavydd,
 Ei ddevawd ym llochi.
 Ni llwydd vy llechvod hebddi,
 Carennnydd Davydd, dyvn-vri,
 Ni'm rhwydd geidw Rhodri, nid rheidus wrthyv,
 Nid gwerthvawr gantho vi
 Ni'm gwna o neb tra trosi,
 Trosov ir gov arglwyddi,
 Mòr yw gwael eu goloï,
 A gwlad Cymru mòr gymmri !
 Nid modd mau dewi heb hòni pw y oeddynt,—
 Prynesynt eu moli.
 Owain angerddawl,
 Anaw anveidrawl,
 Aer wrawl wrhydri :
 Cadwallawn, cyn ei golli,
 Nid oedd â lludw y llawddai vi :
 Cadwaladr cerddgar,
 Cerrddau cyvarwar,
 Cyvarvu a'm perchi :
 Madawg, madioedd goddoli,
 Mwy gwnaeth vy modd no'm codd
 Un mab Maredudd,
 A thri meib Grufudd,
 Biau budd beirdd weini.
 Irdudd urddas gymhelri
 Calon clywav yn llosgi !

* See Arch. of Wales, vol. i. p. 198.

Llëaws tēyrnedd,
 Lliaws dyvrydedd
 A'm dyvrys eu trengi!
 Trangav truav trueni,
 Tranc a'm cenis cŷn no mi:
 Meddyg à iolav,
 Meddyg plant Addav—
 I Dduw uchav erchi;
 Archav arch i Grist Celi,
 Wy gafael cafav rēi:
 Cynnysgaeth Dovydd
 I gynniv Davydd,
 I gynnal ei deithi,
 Càn glod a gorvod govri,
 Gwyr a thir a hir hoedli!

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM JONES, BARDD MON:

Ob. Jul. 1820.

BARDD MON oer bridd a'i medd—yma o'r byd
 Mewn gweryd mae'n gorwedd;
 Iaith ei wlad oedd byth ei wledd,
 A'i velys, lan orvoled.

DANIEL AB IEUAN DDU.

English Poetry.

ODE TO DAVYDD AB OWAIN*.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING POEM BY GWALCHMAI.

THOUGH mild the summer, loud the streams,
 Though bright the woods, and cool the grove,
 'Reft of my lord, it best beseems
 To grieve—Oh! hear me, God above!

* There have already been inserted in this work translations of three of Gwalchmai's poems, for which, as well as for notices of the bard himself, the reader is referred to the indexes of the preceding volumes. Gwalchmai lived in the twelfth century. Davydd ab Owain, to whom this ode is addressed, was one of the sons of Owain Gwynedd, upon whose death, in 1169, he succeeded, after a contest with his brother Hywel, to the throne

The bard's high gift is to adore
 Heaven's king, who deals his bounteous store;
 As Heaven loved me, I loved thee more:
 Thou wert my shield, my pride!
 No more for me my home shall shine;
 For he, of thy own princely line,
 Rhodri regards not me nor mine
 To him in heart allied *.
 No guardian lord I now may claim,
 Though memory dwells in those I knew,
 But they are now an empty name,
 And gone is Cymru's glory too;
 Yet, ne'er, in thankless silence, shall my song
 Forget, with warmest praise, to tell
 Of those, who merited so well
 What meed to generous spirits may belong.

First, great Owain stands supreme,
 Owain (what name might vie with thine?)
 Of matchless ardour, born to shine
 In battle's fiercest gleam †!
 Cadwallon too, he loved me well,
 Sincerely loved me, ere he fell,

of Gwynedd or North Wales, from which, however, he was deposed by the rightful heir, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth, in 1194. Davydd is accused by Caradog the historian of many acts of cruelty, and especially towards his brothers, which but ill accord with the praise here lavished upon him by the poet. He did not long survive his deposition. It does not appear on what occasion this poem was written, but it must have been during a period of separation between the prince and the bard.

* Rhodri was also one of the sons of Owain Gwynedd. He was imprisoned by his brother Davydd in 1174 for preferring a claim to part of his father's territory; but, contriving soon afterwards to escape, he obtained the dominion of some territory over the river Conwy, and was afterwards instrumental in deposing his brother, and in establishing the claim of Llywelyn. The variance, that existed between the brothers, will probably account for the treatment experienced from Rhodri by Gwalchmai.

† Owain Gwynedd, son of Gruffydd ab Cynan, was among the most celebrated of the Welsh princes. He reigned over South Wales from 1137 to 1169, during which period he repelled, with great bravery, the various invasions of his country by Henry II. See vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 231. in the notes.

Nor aught his friendship knew of base alloy *.
 Cadwaladr, the friend of song,
 Himself the tuneful herd among,
 Would shed upon my lot the smile of joy †,
 And Madog, too, of liberal heart,
 Delight to me would oft impart :
 Yes he, Maredudd's only heir ‡,
 With Gruffydd's sons my praise shall share ;
 For they in proud esteem the bardic name would bear.

Quench'd is the brilliant triumph of the brave,
 And, ah ! I feel the burning throe
 For those of might, who now lie low,
 The fatal source of all my woe,
 The woe, that springs from their illustrious grave.
 Ah me ! what crowding ills await
 My lone and miserable state !
 'Twas surely doom'd, ere Heaven my being gave.
 But HE shall have my fervent prayer,
 Soother of every pain and care,
 That visit Adam's sinful race,
 I'll pray for his all-healing grace :

* The original is, literally—"It was not with ashes that he was wont to worship me," which appears to allude to some ancient custom, of which we have no information in any memorials now known. Cadwallon, here the object of the bard's eulogy, was a brother of Owain Gwynedd, in the early part of whose reign he fled for refuge to England, where he lived under the royal protection. Upon his return to Wales in 1179 he was murdered by some dependents of the English king, who had enjoyed his patrimony during his absence. But this seems to have been no more than a just retribution for similar acts committed by Cadwallon himself, who, in 1122, slew his three uncles, Grono, Rhiryd, and Meilyr.

† Cadwaladr was another brother of Owain Gwynedd, and, like Cadwallon, was obliged to escape from his vengeance, when he sought an asylum in Ireland. This happened in 1142, but he soon afterwards returned, and made an unsuccessful attack on his brother. He was after this imprisoned, and, ultimately, compelled to take refuge in England.

‡ Madawg ab Maredudd, grandson of Bleddyn ab Cynvyn, was Prince of Powys, from 1133 to 1158. He attached himself, during the latter part of his reign, to the cause of Henry II. and was, with him, opposed to Owain Gwynedd. He is represented, however, in other respects, as a very amiable character. His death took place at Winchester in 1158 ; and his remains were interred at Meivod in Montgomeryshire.

To yon mysterious Pow'r, that rules on high,
 For this, the best, the richest, boon, I fly;
 And may he deign to hear the vow,
 My heart for David gives!
 His soul with vigour to endow,
 And crown him, while he lives,
 With purest virtue, fame's high-peering blaze,
 Dominion, wealth, and length of honour'd days!

THE HIRLAS HORN.*

AIR—"Three Hundred Pounds."

I.

FILL high the blue *Hirlas* †, that shines like the wave ‡,
 When sunbeams are bright on the spray of the sea;
 And bear thou the rich foaming mead to the brave,
 The dragons of battle, the sons of the free!
 To those from whose spears, in the shock of the fight,
 A beam, like Heaven's lightning ||, flash'd over the field,
 To those who came rushing as storms in their might,
 Who have shiver'd the helmet, and cloven the shield;
 The sound of whose strife was like oceans afar,
 When lances were red from the harvest of war.

II.

Fill high the blue *Hirlas*! O cup-bearer, fill!
 For the lords of the field in their festival's hour,
 And let the mead foam, like the stream of the hill,
 That bursts o'er the rock in the pride of its power;
 Praise, praise to the mighty, fill high the smooth horn
 Of honour and mirth§, for the conflict is o'er;

* Extracted from Mr. Parry's Second Number of "Welsh Melodies," p. 52. The words are by Mrs. Hernans.—Ed.

† *Hirlas*—from *Hir* long and *Glâs* blue or azure."

‡ "Fetch the horn, that we may drink together, whose gloss is like the waves of the sea; whose green handles show the skill of the artist, and are tipped with gold."—From the *Hirlas* of OWAIN CYVEILIOG."

|| "Heard ye in Maelor the noise of war, the horrid din of arms, their furious onset, loud as in the battle of Bangor, where fire flashes out of their spears?"—From the same."

§ "Fill, then, the yellow-lipp'd horn,—badge of honour and mirth."—From the same."

And round let the golden-tipp'd *Hirlas* be borne,
 To the lion defenders of *Gwynedd's* fair shore,
 Who rush'd to the field where the glory was won,
 As eagles that soar from their cliffs to the sun.

III.

Fill higher the *Hirlas*! forgetting not those,
 Who shared its bright draught in the days which are fled!
 Though cold on their mountains the valiant repose,
 Their lot shall be lovely—renown to the dead!
 While harps in the hall of the feast shall be strung,
 While regal *Eryri* with snow shall be crowned;
 So long by the bard shall their battles be sung,
 And the heart of the hero shall burn at the sound;
 The free winds of *Maelor** shall swell with their name,
 And *Owain's* rich *Hirlas* be fill'd to their fame!

Monthly Register.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

IT appears from an advertisement accompanying this number, that the CYMMRODORION have selected the following prize subjects for the present year,—the Medal of the Society, and Ten Pounds to be given, in each case, to the successful candidate.

A WELSH POEM (Cywydd.)—"Hu Gadarn."

AN ENGLISH ESSAY.—"The general cultivation of the Welsh language, and its particular use, with reference to the Poems of the Welsh bards, in illustrating historical occurrences."

These subjects, it will be perceived, are very judiciously chosen, and have, both of them, the merit of being purely national. And, with respect to the first, it may farther be said, that it obviously excludes from the arena of competition all those votaries of the *Awen*, whose poetical pretensions are not accompanied by some knowledge of the ancient history of their country. This is as it ought to be; and, if the example were generally followed, the bardic character would soon be elevated beyond that of a mere minstrel.

* *Maelor*—part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division."

On Saturday, the 22nd of last month, a meeting of the Institution took place for the purpose of deciding upon the merits of the Welsh Essays on the love of country (*Gwladgarwch*,) for which, as we noticed in our last number, medals had been offered to the several grammar schools in Wales. Six Essays were produced on the present occasion, three from each division of the Principality, and the successful competitors were declared to be Mr. DAVID JAMES, of Cardigan School, and Mr. EVAN EVANS, of Berriew School, in Montgomeryshire. It but justice to add, however, that the compositions of the other candidates were all more or less distinguished for their merit, for which reason we here subjoin the names of the authors, premising only, that the first on the list well deserves, on this occasion, the place he there occupies.

South Wales.

Mr. JAMES WILLIAMS, (<i>Pwy.</i>)	}	Ystradmeurig School.
Mr. JAMES WILLIAMS MORRIS, (<i>Meurig.</i>)		

North Wales.

Mr. EVAN O. HUGHES, Beaumaris School.

Mr. RICHARD BRISCOE, Ruthin School.

After the opinion, we expressed on this subject last month, it is hardly necessary to add, that the result has somewhat surprised us, though the number of candidates was much less than might have been anticipated under more favouring circumstances. However, we are glad to find, that we were, in some degree, mistaken with respect to North Wales, though we are still inclined to think, that, in the cultivation, we mean the classical cultivation, of the Welsh tongue among the rising generation, South Wales merits the palm.

Miss ANN JONES of Guilsfield, near Welshpool, has recently been elected an Honorary Member of the Cymmrodorion.

CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT.

WE transcribe from the *Hereford Journal* the following account of a meeting, which took place at Brecon, early last month, for the purpose of forming a Society in the province of Gwent, (the project of which we noticed in our last,) similar to those already established in the other parts of the Principality.

“On Wednesday, the fifth of December, a Meeting was held according to public advertisement at the Town Hall, Brecon,

which was very respectably attended, when a Society was formed in the District, for the Preservation of the remains of Ancient British Literature, and the encouragement of the Poetry and Music of Wales, under the name of the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT. At the commencement of the proceedings, Major Price, who had made himself well acquainted with the subject, was elected Chairman, in the absence of Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. whose presence was expected on the interesting occasion. When the able and worthy Chairman entered on the duties of his office, he read letters and communications from the Bishop of St. David's, Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. Rev. John Williams, Colonel Wood, M. P. Rev. W. J. Rees, George Morgan, Esq. Richard Lewis, Esq. Thomas Swinnerton, Esq. Rev. John Bowen, William Morgan, Esq. Rev. Canon Payne, W. A. Madocks, Esq. M. P. Rev. Thomas Richards, and the Rev. Dr. Williams, in which they expressed the interest they took in the proceedings on the occasion and their wishes for the success of the proposed Society. These letters having been read, a long and interesting Address on the objects of the Cambrian Societies, with observations on the objections that have been made to them, was delivered by the Rev. W. J. Rees.*

“ This address having been concluded, the Meeting expressed their general opinion of its merit by voting their thanks to the author on the occasion, and requesting that a copy might be had to be deposited among the Records of the Society. Penry Williams, Esq. Major Price, Rev. John Hughes, Mr. Taliesin Williams, Hugh Bold, Esq. delivered their sentiments at some length respecting the objects of the proposed Society, which evinced the laudable attention they had paid to the subject on account of which the Meeting was convened. Resolutions were then passed wherein the Society was instituted, and declared to be in union with the Cambrian Metropolitan Institution, the Cambrian Society in Dyfed, and the Cymmrodorion Societies in Powys and Gwynedd, having his most gracious Majesty George IV. for Grand Patron. The nobility resident in, and connected with the district, comprehending the Counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Radnor, were nominated, that they might be respectfully requested to become Patrons of the Society. Sir Charles Morgan, Bart. was then named that he might be respect-

* We intend to insert this Address in our next.—Ed.

fully requested to be President. The Baronets, Knights, and Members of Parliament, resident in, or connected with, the district, and the Reverend the Archdeacons of Brecon and Llandaff were next nominated, that they might be respectfully requested to become Vice-Presidents. And several of the Gentry and Clergy of the district, who doubtless would aid the Society with their kind and able services, were named that they might be requested to be Members of the Committee. The Right Hon. Lord Dynevor, President of the Cambrian Society in Dyved, Sir W. W. Wynn, President of the Cymmrodorion or Cambrian Metropolitan Institution, and of the Cymmrodorion Society in Powys, and the Most Noble the Marquis of Anglesea, President of the Cymmrodorion Society in Gwynedd, and the Right Rev. the Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor, were elected Honorary Members of the Society. John Parry Wilkins, Esq. was appointed Treasurer, and Philip Vaughan, Esq. Secretary to the Society. Several resolutions were afterwards passed, authorizing and instructing the Committee in managing the concerns of the Society, and conducting the proceedings at the ensuing Eisteddvod at Brecon. The Meeting then broke up, and the Gentry separated with a deep sense of the importance of the transactions of the meeting.

“The Committee immediately afterwards held their primary Meeting, which was adjourned to the following day, when the preliminary proceedings for the Eisteddvod were entered into, and the subjects for the prize Poems and Essays were agreed on, and directions given for their publication in the public papers. From the pains taken and ability evinced on this occasion, and in the other Proceedings by those who were so kind as to undertake the business, there is every reason to believe that the whole concerns of the Society will be conducted in a manner worthy of its importance, and that the Eisteddfod with the patronage it expects will, when held, be highly to the credit of the district.”

On the 6th instant the adjourned meeting of the Committee, as above stated, took place, the Rev. Hugh Bold in the Chair, when Sir E. P. Lloyd, Bart. and C. W. W. Wynn, Esq. M. P. the Rev. Archdeacon of Cardigan, with several other individuals, who have prominently interested themselves in the cause of Welsh literature, were added to the list of honorary members above given: and a few works recently published, or now in the

course of publication, having reference to the object of the society, were recommended to the general notice of its members. The Committee then proceeded to nominate the following subjects for the Prize Poems and Essays, to be prepared for the *Eisteddfod* to be holden at Brecon, in the course of this year; and for which medals or other premiums will be awarded.

1. The AWDL.—“The memorable period, during which our most Gracious Sovereign George the Fourth exercised, as Regent, the powers of Government over the United Kingdom, commencing with the debarkation of the British Troops in Portugal, and terminating with the Glorious Victory on the Field of Waterloo.”

2. The CYWYDD.—“The overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.”

3. The ENGLYN.—“The Rainbow.”

4. An ENGLISH ESSAY.—“The Credibility of the Massacre of the British Nobles at Stonehenge, as grounded upon the authority of the Welsh Bards, and other ancient writers; and of the identity and real character of the celebrated British leader Ambrosius.”

5. Another ENGLISH ESSAY.—“The Ancient and Present State of the Welsh Language, with particular reference to the Dialects.”

In addition to the foregoing, prizes were also proposed for the best proficient on the Harp, for the best Singer with that instrument, and also for “the best Copy of Verses, in the Welsh language, on a subject to be proposed on the first day of the *Eisteddfod*, and the verses to be recited on the second.”

We have only to add to the preceding account, that the spirit and judgment, with which the primary proceedings of the CAMBRIAN SOCIETY IN GWENT have been conducted, reflect great credit upon the gentlemen, who have so zealously exerted themselves on the occasion, and are well worthy of general emulation.

CELTIC MSS. IN DUBLIN.

It is well known to the admirers of Celtic literature, that Trinity College, Dublin, contains a very extensive collection of

MSS connected with this subject, and especially with reference to the ancient history and literature of Ireland. With the exception of the occasional use made of them by E Llwyd, Vallancey, and a few others, these ancient records (for such is their general character) have been turned to very little account; and, from the indifference with which they are treated by the persons, who have at present the charge of them, it may reasonably be concluded, that their value is not properly understood by them. A late number of one of the Dublin Journals (*The Dublin Evening Post*), in an article on the general inferiority of Trinity College, in a literary point of view, to the English and Scotch Universities, has some observations on the subject, to which we have just alluded, which we willingly transplant to these pages.

"But the most crying disgrace," says the journalist "of this college of ours is this. With one, or, perhaps, two exceptions, their library contains the completest collection of Celtic MSS in Europe. Most, if not all, of these MSS relate to Ireland. They are preserved, we suppose, very carefully; but this opulent, this overgrown, University * never has expended a single sixpence in transcribing, publishing, or translating them. There are no funds for that purpose, it will be said; and we shall be told (and we rejoice in it) of the failure of the claim on Hood's estate †. Shame! Would not the revenues of your Connemara estates do the thing in three years? We do not like Scotch nationality or the overweening pretensions of the people; but with respect to literature and love of country, they are a pattern and example to the empire. If these remains of antiquity belonged to Scotland, they would have been published in fifty forms, and in fifty editions, before the year 1821."

Although we may not fully subscribe to the last sentence of this passage, we still think, that the Scotch evince a much more national feeling in this respect than the Irish. Yet, we are not aware, that even the Scotch have done much in this way. We hear indeed of the Highland and of the Hibernian Societies; but,

* The writer of this article asserts, that "the fellows of Trinity College, five or six and twenty in number, taken altogether, enjoy a greater revenue than all the fellows of all the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge." Ed.

† We believe this refers to a bequest, which was left by one Flood for the purpose of publishing the MSS in question, and which was afterwards set aside by the relations of the deceased.—Ed.

when we come to look for their acts, we find nothing in either case of a very tangible shape. However, *melior! speremus.*

Literary Announcements.

THE Second Number of Mr. PARRY'S "WELSH MELODIES" has, as we mentioned in our last, recently made its appearance, and will tend, we have no doubt, to enhance the well earned reputation of its ingenious author. Of the musical part of the work we may not, perhaps, be considered as competent judges; but we must be allowed to say, that it appears to have been Mr. Parry's principal aim, in this respect, to adhere to the characteristic simplicity of our national airs, and consequently to discard those foreign embellishments, by which they have, in general, been so injuriously disguised. On this point the author very properly observes—"I have purposely avoided all extraneous modulations and chromatic passages, that the accompaniments may be performed on the harp as well as the *piano-forte*; besides, had I travelled out of my way for such commitants, it would not have been in keeping with the simplicity of the melodies." The melodies comprised in this collection, are sixteen in number, and the words adapted to them are, for the most part, highly appropriate and poetical.—This praise is particularly due to the compositions of Mrs. Hemans, one of which we inserted last month, and another appears in the present Number. To this we may add, that the frontispiece by Mr. H. F. Rose bespeaks the talent of the artist in the most unequivocal manner, and forms a happy embellishment of the work. The design represents a Druidical *cromlech*, very tastefully grouped with ancient oaks, the harp, and other appropriate emblems of our native soil. In a word, this new Number of the "WELSH MELODIES" cannot fail to augment at once the fame of the author, and the entertainment of all those, whose souls are formed for concord of sweet sounds," and who take any interest in the sweet and unadulterated airs of the CYMRY.

We understand that the "REPORT" of the Carmarthen *Eisteddfod* in 1819 will speedily be published, accompanied by the Essays and Poems, which gained the prizes on that occasion. "Better late than never" is a sound maxim; we, therefore, hope, that the intelligence, we have here communicated, will not prove destitute of foundation.
